

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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AN ORIGINAL POEM BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A FAREWELL TO CONNECTICUT.

I TURNED a last look to my dear, native mountain,
As the dim blush of sunset grew pale in the sky ;
All was still, save the music that leapt from the fountain,
And the wave of the woods to the summer-wind's sigh.

Far around, the gray mist of the twilight was stealing,
And the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,
Ere my pale lip could murmur the accents of feeling,
As it bade the fond scenes of my childhood adieu.

Oh ! mock not that pang, for my heart was re-tracing
Past visions of happiness, sparkling and clear :
My heart was still warm with a mother's embracing,
My cheek was still wet with a fond sister's tear.

Like an infant's first sleep on the lap of its mother,
Were the days of my childhood — those days are no more ;
And my sorrow's deep throb I had struggled to smother
Was that infant's wild cry when its first sleep was o'er.

Years have gone by, and remembrance now covers,
With the tinge of the moonbeam, the thoughts of that hour ;
Yet still in his day-dream the wanderer hovers 'Round the cottage he left, and its green woven bower.

And Hope lingers near him, her wildest song breathing,
And points to a future day, distant and dim,
When the finger of sunset, its eglantine weaving,
Shall brighten the home of his childhood for him.

— *Putnam's Magazine.*

"GOOD WORDS" TO THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

"On our way from Panama we paid a visit to Pitcairn's Island, but as it was getting late in the day we could not land. However, Young came off in a canoe to the steamer. He is the grandson of the boatswain of the *Bounty*, and is now invested with magisterial powers by the islanders themselves, and his decision is always final. He seemed an intelligent, quiet man. Another canoe came off with two young men, the son and son-in-law of Young, and the first question they asked was, 'How is our QUEEN VICTORIA ?' and they then inquired if we could give them any copies of *GOOD WORDS*." — *From a Letter received by William Nelson, Esq. Publisher, Edinburgh, from his brother-in-law.*

O YE friends afar, where the western sea
Beats up round a lonely isle :
Where the fruit drops ripe, and the flowers grow red,
In the light of their Maker's smile :
Our hearts yearn out to your sunny home,
And we send you love for love :
There's one human heart all over the world,
As there's one blue sky above !

We live in the shade of a glorious Past,
With the ghosts of the great around,
They haunt our ways, and our household hearths
Are built on historic ground.
You live in the light of the dawning day,
With your future wide and free,
You wait God's time for your noontide glow,
And your heroes yet to be !

Our forefathers' greatness o'ershadows us,
Till often we feel afraid
That we only copy the deeds they did,
And echo the words they said :
But if by such echoes their tones can reach
You, out on the western main,
Then we thank our God for the work He gives,
And know it is not in vain.

O, brothers ! fame is but a mocking thing,
And what has the world to pay
For the light of genius that cheers mankind,
While it burns itself away !
But the thought of a welcome kept for us
In homes of a new-born land,
Brightens our toil, like an Eden flower
Dropped from an angel's hand.

— *Good Words*

From The Christian Remembrancer.

— *The Family Pen.* Edited by the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

In our leading literary journal we find the following notice (*Saturday Review*, November, 1867) of "Original Poems, Illustrated." "What is meant by "original," says the reviewer, "we are not aware. The very first verses in the collection —

" Little Ann and her mother were walking one day" —

are a good fifty years old, and we certainly "spotted," as school-boys say, some other "poems" of the same venerable antiquity. However, whether new or old, or modern antiques, is of no great consequence. Here are verses for children, all good, and all inculcating the best and most proper moralities of kindness and sympathy with nature, flowers, trees, and "dumb animals," and poor folks, as well as proper lessons on the sins of gluttony and idleness. Widely informed as we must suppose every one of this paper's contributors to be upon English literature, past and present, it is clear this writer never heard of Jane Taylor of Ongar, or her sister Ann, as the authors of the main part of these "Original Poems," some sixty years ago, and who through them became two of the most popular writers in our language, if we are to take a vast and wide circulation wherever English is spoken — a circulation which still continues — as a proof of popularity. That the popularity is deserved, even the reviewer's testimony shows. That the reputation of the writers has faded away he is a competent witness, since he clearly knew the poems but not their authors. The verses, familiar to his childhood, evidently touched a chord of memory as only things that have fulfilled their purpose can do; he judges with the tenderness of an old and pleasant association. We take this ignorance of the old popularity of these once famous "Poems" in such a quarter as an illustration of the view put forth with characteristic formality and pretension by Jane Taylor's biographer, but in a sense true, and indeed indisputable, inasmuch as a vast number of the most successful books in a language cannot be classed among its literature. Our readers are all more or less acquainted with the style of Isaac Taylor, the author of "Saturday Evening," the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and many kindred works, a

style of which it has been said that it gained by the omission of every other sentence, but which yet indicates a thoughtful habit of mind. In this closing work of his life, "The Family Pen," he has claimed for the Taylor family, as a body, the distinction of being writers, and successful writers too, but standing apart from the brotherhood of literature proper; being guided by higher motives and wielding the pen under altogether another inspiration from those which have prompted what is commonly understood by the literature of a language. After drawing the character, describing the pursuits, and dwelling on the life-long work of his uncle, Charles Taylor, as editor of "Calmet," the importance of which loses nothing under his handling, Mr. Isaac Taylor, the elder, shows the link which connects the herculean task of the uncle with the higher labours in the cause of infancy of the nieces, his sisters: —

"An instance very dissimilar in its circumstances and in its visible proportions, but yet in harmony with it as to principle, was at hand, within the same family — or, I should say, in the family of Charles Taylor's brother and Isaac. But now may I presume that many of my readers, who perhaps have known nothing of the five quartos of the Bible Dictionary, may care to hear something of the young persons who, sixty years ago, put forth Original Poems, Hymns for Infant Minds, and some similar books; not indeed in folio or in quarto, or even in octavo? I have ventured to say that a principle connects the above-named five quartos, edited by the uncle, with the now mentioned twenty-four-mo's put forth by his two nieces. I think I shall make this relationship intelligible. The great pyramid of all that is printed might be sifted into several smaller pyramids on several grounds of distinction; but there is one that has a real difference as its reason — there is a literature which is *literary* properly; it possesses no very serious intention; it courts, it wins favour in various degrees, according or not according to its intrinsic merits; it reaps its reward — or perhaps no reward — in a commercial sense. A small portion of this printed mass survives its hour, and takes a place among the classics of the language; it reprints through several decades of time. Thus far all is clear. But there is a literature which has had its origin in motives that are wholly of another order. By a solecism, or an allowable ambiguity, it receives its designation as *literature*, yet it is *unliterary literature*. It did not spring either from literary ambition, or from calculations of gain. The producers of books of this class — *books* whether they be great or small — had been incited by no eagerness to be known as authors; perhaps they shrank from notoriety, and would most gladly have remained under the screen of anonymous au-

thorship to the end of their course. If the due recompense of their labours did reach them at last, this material remuneration never took the foremost place in their regards. They wrote what they wrote with an *intention* and *for a purpose*, that was ever prominent in the estimate they formed of their own successes or failures. Fame or no fame — income or no income, these writers asked themselves, or others about them, if they had written to good purpose. If an affirmative answer to this question could be given in at the bar of conscience, substantial comfort would be thence derived — spite of discomforts many.'

How many of our country's chiefest writers and most really influential for good, would be excluded by this test of a deliberate didactic purpose from the class which includes the Taylor family, it is not the place here to inquire. The terms, in fact, exclude the idea of inspiration — of being impelled to an utterance by mere fulness of matter. The passage is quoted to illustrate the tone towards literature of the religious school to which Isaac Taylor belonged, and to which, it must be granted, he gave distinction. This school thought all literature not marked by a purpose intelligible to the uncultivated, wrong. Works of imagination, and many, also, of science, were purposeless at best, and often mischievous as such. Following this lead, Mr. Taylor seems to treat the whole region of literature proper as something with which religious people have nothing to do; and will scarcely allow a poet whose muse does not exercise herself on strictly didactic or doctrinal subjects, to have any worthy motive for expressing his fancies, any actuating influence but ambition, or the love of gain. In commending his sister's story of 'Display,' he takes care to specify that it was admired 'for excellence of a more substantial kind than such as attach merely to an entertaining or pathetic fiction, as though the qualities that belong to good fiction — observation, wit, sympathy, knowledge of the human heart — were trivial accomplishments: not that he could really think so; indeed, he claims credit to the full for these gifts of nature and experience; but that the habit of a party, and of his own mind, which here fell in with it, prompted such solemn platitudes as a matter of necessity. This, however, is a point on which all grave, unimaginative persons of any school — persons more occupied with their own part in life than with life and nature as they see it — are apt to be unfair, and to treat as triflers, or influenced by low motives, all who are less ba-

bitually penetrated than they are with the importance of their own work in the world.

But these weighty people are essential to the human economy. The emphasis they lay on everything personal may be a narrowness, but is not necessarily a fault, and they furnish many a lesson of application, and of careful use of the talents committed to them, though these talents may sometimes be but five or two, when they think them ten. These remarks are suggested by the tone of the biographer towards the main subject of these volumes, a tone which has had the practical inconvenience of obscuring one-half of the character he wished to portray. So afraid has Mr. Taylor been of seeming trivial, so bent on showing the solidity and purpose of his sister throughout her whole career, that all the lightness, brightness, and gaiety which we cannot but think may have been there, is put out of sight. There are allusions, for example, in Jane Taylor's own letters, to a tendency to trifling. In her letters we are given to understand that her character inclined too much to romance; but most of the letters afforded to the reader are simply sermonettes, reflections on the rapid flight of time, the shortness of life, the progress of the religious life, the only concern that ought to occupy an immortal soul, and regrets, often of a morbid kind, at inevitable change; or if facts are given, they are recorded journal-wise, and sometimes the same details told, without anything in the style to recommend them, to several correspondents in succession. There is always something to be learnt from the history of a person of independent mind and more than average powers; but we ought to have the whole mind put before us. The reader ought to be trusted, not all the frivolities and lighter touches kept out of sight as unedifying. The truth is, men of the habit of mind of the late Isaac Taylor, are unfitted for the task of biography. He clearly did not possess his sister's insight into character; the subject did not interest him. He is described by his son as leading a life of abstracted thought on his own subjects; as clinging to retirement — avoiding all general society. Such people work out valuable trains of thought, but they know least of what goes on in the head and brain of their fellow-creatures, though in this case there was the enlightenment of a strong attachment; for the brother and sister were bound together by a very touching affection.

The Taylor family were Nonconformists,

in the middle class of life: the fact of this dissent, and its consequences on social position, somewhat rankle in the mind of the biographer, and, no doubt, greatly influenced the family line towards the outer world. This may, too, have stimulated that extraordinary industry and perpetual occupation which would have been incompatible with much intercourse with society: — a continuous labour which, however estimable under the circumstances of the family, oppresses the reader in description. Isaac Taylor, father of the better known Isaac, and of Ann and Jane Taylor, and brother of Charles, editor of 'Calmet,' set the measure and pace of this industry in his own person. An engraver by trade, a Nonconformist minister by profession, and active in both callings, he threw himself into the work of education as if it was his one pursuit. His son writes: —

'The home in which Ann and Jane Taylor received their education, and underwent their preparation of training, was indeed fairly entitled to commendation on account of the occupation of all hours of the day, from early to late, by everybody therein resident. Yet this system of unremitting employment was carried through without any rigorous exactions, without any inflictions, without any consciousness of constraint. Assiduity was the tone and style of the house. Nor were frequent recreations forgotten. Set days and times were duly observed, and were almost superstitiously honoured. I have not seen in later years anything comparable to my father's industry. No man of whose habits I have known anything, has seemed to achieve a daily task of the same amount, and of the same *variety*. What he did in giving effect to the *operose system* which he had devised for the education of his children, has been an amazement to me to think of. Some of the still extant monuments of this laborious scheme of instruction might well pass for enough, if brought forward as the sole product of many years of labour; they were, in fact, the product of the earliest hour of each day. Much of this sort was done by the candle-light of the writer's morning. The artisan who was on his way to the place of his daily toil would not fail to see the light in my father's study window — he already awake and at work — his devotions first, and then some educational outfit — in science, history, or geography. We all had a perfect confidence in the reasonableness and utility of these methods of instruction, in carrying out which we were required to perform our parts. The apparatus of teaching was huge; nevertheless the daily portion assigned to each of us came quite within the limits of reasonable industry. We were not injuriously crammed or broken in spirit.' — *Ibid.* p. 15.

Girls and boys learnt alike under this teaching, and the sisters, as an instance of the encyclopedic variety of studies, were taught the terms and principles of *fortification*. They had minds strong and vigorous enough, not only to bear but to profit by this teaching; to which their mother added all that concerns household management, in which, we are given to understand, they took more than a superintending part. As they grew up, to all this was added the business of engraving, in which the whole family took part, we must suppose, with very little success, though with praiseworthy submission to authority. Very early the daughters showed a turn for verse. At the respective ages of nine and seven, they would pace the broad green walk of the garden reciting couplets of their own joint compositions, at which age Jane conceived the idea of writing and printing a book. In this design she seemed to inaugurate the labours of the strictly family pen, for the father plodded at his educational systems and prepared his sermons without, as yet, any thought of print, and both parents had a repugnance towards authorship and every intellectual labour which was not of the most 'direct and intelligible utility.' In due time this repugnance was overcome by all; even the mother wrote books which had success, though modern readers would think them dull enough. Perhaps the son conveys this opinion through his testimony to their acceptableness to the readers for whom they were especially designed.

'Those were, indeed, good days, fifty years ago, for writers of the class with which my mother's name would stand connected. There was then a public, especially a female public, that had for a long while been well held in hand by writers, of whom Hannah More was undoubtedly the chief — Hannah More — *protégée*, call her, of Dr. Johnson; Miss Hamilton, and a half dozen writers, some Christian and some in various degrees Christianised, and therefore antagonistic to Maria Edgeworth, and to those who were then tainted with the French Revolution atheism. This indulgent public — under tith as one might say — had at a later time received a broadcast and vigorous thought from the hands of Robert Hall, John Foster, and Olinthus Gregory. . . . It was not that either my mother or the daughter Jane had made pretensions of *this* kind, but she entered upon a field in a corner of which there was room for her, and where she came to be cordially welcomed. The books of which I am speaking were published long before the coming on of the modern agonistic paroxysm in literature.' — P. 29.

Mr. Taylor talks a great deal of the indifference of his family circle to a literary fame. He has an ideal of an authoress of the old blue-stocking type, writing for no earthly reason but to get talked about; and this image represents to him the class of female writers, as such to which his mother is an exception. In proof of this immunity he adduces a preface to some simple little manual, wherein she commands 'this endeavour to employ her pen beneficially to the attention of other families, without solicitude for its reputation.' Later on, he particularly notices for admiration his sister's freedom from the airs of literary distinction. So much, in fact, did she retain what he somewhere calls 'constitutional retiringness,' that he ventures to doubt whether, if a stranger, looking in upon the sewing-class which she with other ladies superintended during the zenith of her reputation, he could have distinguished which was the authoress of the party. This high appreciation of what we cannot but suppose a not very extraordinary humility, probably arises from the nature of the society in which this clever young family woke to the knowledge of their gifts, such as they were.

In their childhood their father had removed from London, and rented a house for his family at Lavenham, in Suffolk, for which, with ample room and a good garden, he paid but 6*l.* a-year. Here they had no companions, and learnt to rely on themselves for amusement, except such stimulus as the infant Jane received from the applause of village worthies.

It is curious to observe the germ of every form of real literary — if we may use the word — achievement. We think highly of 'Original Poems,' and their companion, 'Infant Lyrics'; yet they seem uncommonly easy things to write, till we try. We gather that they did, in fact, need a long mental training, and were part of a life. Her sister Ann says, as quoted by the biographer: —

'I can remember that Jane was always the saucy, lively, entertaining little thing — the amusement and favourite of all who knew her; at the baker's shop she used to be placed on the kneading-board in order to recite, preach, and narrate, to the great entertainment of his many visitors, and at Mr. Blackadder's she was the life and fun of the farmer's hearth. Her plays from the earliest I can recollect were deeply imaginative, and I think that in "Moll and Bett," "The Miss Parks," "The Miss Sisters," "The Miss Bandboxes," and "Aunt and Niece," which I believe to be the entire catalogue of

them, she lived in a world wholly of her own creation, with as deep a feeling of reality as life itself can afford. These amusements lasted from the age of three or four till ten or twelve.' — P. 90.

It was a wise rule of their really excellent mother to avoid everything like manoeuvring or mystery, and all unnecessary concealments in her management of her children; and it explains the cheerful acquiescence with which all fell into their father's strict distribution of time, that at the earliest age in which they could understand such matters, she made them acquainted with their father's affairs with a view to induce them to adapt their own feelings and expectations to his means. In agreeable exception to a tolerably universal rule of discontent with early training, Mr. Taylor approves of every family practice instituted by his parents, and especially speaks of one custom from which his sister — and she includes all — derived great benefit. The mother gives the history of its commencement. A friend, who was one of those who assume the privilege of administering reproof, came to her some years after her marriage, when the cares of a family with small means began to press upon her, and thus addressed her: —

'Your husband may have got a housekeeper and a nurse for his children, but I am sure he has no companion; it will be well if in due time he does not get tired of you. The affections of a man of taste cannot fix permanently on a mere plod, and you are certainly nothing better! The homely truth darted into my mind, and carried conviction with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. Already my husband had begun to read to himself at breakfast time, and tea time, and thus far social intercourse was at a stand. But what was to be done? I had not a moment's time to spare from those *plodding* duties with which I had been charged by my friend, for I could not afford like her to keep two servants. I viewed the matter in all its bearings, and saw the impending danger without any apparent means of averting it. At length, this will I do, thought I. I will propose to read to him at breakfast and tea time, by which means I may at once revive my own dormant taste, cultivate a mind now rapidly degenerating to its former state of ignorance, divert myself from those harassing cares which beset me on every side; and thus subjects may be brought before us on which we can converse with mutual advantage. My proposal was cordially received, and the plan instantly adopted. But the children — what was to be done with the children? For, alas, there was no nursery! Nothing at all was done with them; they quickly acquired the habit of sitting quietly during

the time without any apparent uneasiness from the restraint. Thus commenced a custom of more than forty years' duration, with very partial interruption, and which may fairly be recorded as one of the important events of my life. It has rescued a mind from insanity, which was rapidly degenerating and losing the few attainments it had acquired, it has beguiled many a care, and diverted many a pain, and even afforded energy to weakness and languor, which in most cases would have been deemed insurmountable obstacles to such a custom. Besides this, must be taken into account the incalculable benefit arising to the children of the family from the volumes they have thus heard read, in addition to their own individual reading. It is scarcely conceivable at what an early age they thus obtained gleanings of knowledge from subjects becoming familiar to them, of which they must otherwise have remained ignorant till the regular process of education had directed attention to them. In a word, this custom has proved one of the prominent blessings of our lives.' — *Ibid.* p. 83.

There is such a remarkable sense of success in this volume in describing all family habits deviating from ordinary custom, that the reader craves to insert his own reservations. Of course, he considers, this is not the way to teach children to converse or to take their part in active life. To the majority of tempers this custom would become an unedifying bondage, and to many constitutions bring on indigestion and kindred evils, from the want of that spring of gaiety infused into the system by spontaneous talk and perfect freedom of thought. Meals should be the mind's holiday as they are the body's refreshment. What teaching they have — after the children have learnt the civilization of the table — should be the joint and, properly, inseparable acts of talking and listening, and generally of being agreeable. But as the majority of family gatherings round the breakfast and tea table fall far short of this ideal, the suggestion of reading aloud is worth something, though forty years of uninterrupted reading does not stir in the mind that admiring approval which leads to imitation, especially as few people could acquire the art attributed by Mr. Taylor to his mother of reading aloud, and taking her food with little interruption to the reading. What we must admire, however, in this history, is the energy, temper, perseverance, and good management apparent on the one hand, and the docility of a family of children on the other, who all acquiesced and profited by what, in so many circles, would produce an extreme irritation, and tacit, if not active rebellion. Without allowing to this lit-

tle circle the gift of genius, we recognise in them a force and energy of purpose, and a hold over their own minds somewhat akin to it. It is industry redeemed from plodding by the ungrudging consent of the will, striving to develop each and all to the full extent and capacity of their powers in their most congenial direction; and this is precisely the condition of intellect to give satisfaction to the possessor in comparing self in its present effectiveness and past history, with the failures and desultory, fitful discipline of others. We gather from Mr. Taylor that these family readings were not rigid in the subject chosen; in fact a good many books were read which would not be thought suitable for the purpose now. It is a noteworthy fact, that no people ever think themselves injured by having been admitted to a wider range of authors, than they themselves would allow to others.

'Since the time of which I am speaking — about seventy years ago — a great change has come upon those tastes, and modes of feeling which regulate the literary habits of well-ordered families. It is no doubt a change in the whole for the better, but not so in every sense, a far higher tone, and more fastidious style prevails now than then, and it is certain that the range of books at that time accounted readable alone in a family, included many, the very titles of which have barely been heard in my own family. We could not now listen around the breakfast table to certain works of fiction, the hearing of which then inflicted upon us, as I think, very little moral injury. Passages passed over the ear little heeded, therefore with little ill-consequence, the offensiveness of which would now startle and disgust the family party. Certain it is that this liberty or licence had the effect of giving to the young persons of my father's family, a breadth of acquaintance with standard English literature, which the young persons of my own family have not had the opportunity to acquire.' — P. 102.

In addition to this liberty or licence was the sanction given to the children of forming friendships, for which Jane Taylor had an especial aptitude, so that independence of mind and action was cultivated; nor were politics and stirring public events wanting as educating powers; a weekly paper was taken in; and the progress towards, and full details of the French Revolution formed part of the family reading. Mr. Taylor, the father, had his opinions 'on these events' which, although we are told he kept them to himself, and was a man of peace, irritated the turbulent loyalty of the mob of Lavenham — who in their zeal for Church and King, had a grudge against him

as a leading member of the Meeting House. These friends of order assembled with flags, drums, and pitchforks, vowing to burn his house down. Fortunately the Rectory was near, and as the mob advanced the trembling inmates had the relief of seeing Mr. Cook (the rector) appear at his door, and by his persuasions disperse the mob.

'The next morning my father, in his simplicity, thought it incumbent upon him to present himself at the door of his benefactor, there to offer an expression of his heartfelt gratitude for the intervention on his behalf. He did so; but in uttering what he had intended to say, was cut short by the stately rector in this fashion. "Well, Mr. Taylor, you may spare your thanks; for to tell you the truth, Mrs. Cook's sister is at this time very ill, we fear dangerously ill; and we thought that so much noise and confusion as would have ensued if the people had effected their purpose so near to us, might have been very prejudicial to her in her weak state." This was doing the part of a neighbour and of a Christian minister gracefully! But such were those times.' — P. 111.

Our comment upon this story is, that probably the incivility was a subterfuge; that when the danger was over the Dissenter's thanks for a real and intentional service were so distasteful to the 'true blue' parson of the old school, that he improvised a mode of escape from them that should effectually re-establish the old hostile relations.

Circumstances occurred to break up their country home when Jane Taylor was in her thirteenth year, and her biographer several years younger. Their father was invited by a congregation in Colchester to become their pastor in 1796; therefore he removed with his family and 'assumed the pastoral care of the society assembling at the chapel in Bucklersbury Lane.' Here we gather with some surprise that Jane was allowed to form an intimacy with the daughters of a physician lately dead, who had all become bitten with the French form of disbelief. They are described as handsome spirited girls who despised their mother's feeble efforts to hold them in; talked of the 'prejudices' of their education, and, by dint of thinking for themselves, acquired a contempt for every principle which they had received from their parents. Such tendencies being aggravated by 'a general laxity of manners,' and some flagrant scandals 'among the religionists of Colchester, whose creed had already become the object of their scorn.' These strong-minded ladies had probably not arrived at this pass when the acquaintance began; for we read, —

'I now revert to the time of my sister's first acquaintance with these young ladies. The close intimacy and very frequent intercourse between the two families very greatly promoted the mental improvement of all parties, for there were advantages of different kinds possessed by each which very fairly balanced the mutual benefit. About this time, that is, when Jane was in her fifteenth year, the six friends, in conjunction with two or three other young persons formed themselves into a society for reading original essays, and for the promotion of intellectual improvement. Jane's diffidence as to her own powers, her peculiar dread of *competition*, as well as the fact of being herself the youngest member of the society, prevented her from assuming any very prominent place in these exercises; but she filled her part well, and some of her compositions, which were read at the meetings of the society, gave indication of that originality of thought, and sprightliness of style, and that soundness of sentiment which have distinguished her writings.' — P. 119.

This proves that voluntary and anxious self-culture among women are not quite so exclusively the characteristic of the present day as some people imagine them. There are in fact few authoresses of our own time who went through such an apprenticeship to the craft, as the subject of this memoir; but it must be perceived that, though her father repudiated the specious Unitarianism as well as the avowed scepticism of that period, he and his family were politically allied to the holders of these opinions. They were the party of progress — whether real or so-called — which is perhaps necessarily the party of intellectual activity. We are told that Jane's intimacy with her unbelieving friend was much moderated by difference of opinion on the most important points, and also that the approach of an early death recalled the poor girl to the faith of her childhood.

For the sake of providing his daughters with the means of independence, at the same time keeping them at home, he decided to teach them his own art of engraving. Indeed, so great was the desire to keep all his children together under his roof, that all, whether boys or girls, were set to pursue the same calling; while literary conversation and reading aloud went on along with the mechanical work of the graver. We are not surprised that under this effort to make the most of time, none of the party made any great progress in the professed business of the day. Jane in an early letter writes: —

'The more I see of myself and of the performances of others the more I am convinced that nature never intended me for an artist. . .

No one can tell how my feelings are excruciating when I am referred to or my opinion asked as an *artist*. I look at the girls in milliners' shops with envy, because their business and their genius are on a level.' — P. 129.

But habit made the life suit Jane so well, that she became morbidly afraid of change. Her family attachment, and especially to her brother Isaac, was tenacious and excessive, making her almost querulous, when he and another brother removed to London for a time. At the age when young women usually enter into society, these highly-cultivated girls were probably excluded by circumstances from much congenial intercourse, and learnt, perhaps in revenge upon fortune, to be exclusive. It is a curious picture of a Dissenting minister's family, too intellectually refined for their social position.

' Our family at this time was much secluded from extraneous society. The circle of my sister's early friends had been broken up by the death of several of those who formed it, and the removal of others; and an interval of two or three years elapsed before those friendships were formed, of which the letters soon to be introduced were the fruits. During this interval, the family turned to look within itself, almost entirely for social pleasures. This, while it tended, as has been mentioned, to cherish family affection, must be confessed to have produced a rather exclusive feeling, which was afterwards not easily broken up; and when, subsequently, distant friendships were formed, that were in the highest degree gratifying and exciting, an unfavourable feeling towards less congenial society nearer home, was, perhaps, increased. In Jane's mind this exclusive feeling was augmented by an extreme indifference, and by a thousand nice sensibilities, which neither a wider intercourse with the world, nor the measure of public favour she attained, ever entirely overcame. To the last, she would always gladly retreat from general society to the bosom of her family, or to the circle of those few friends whom she intimately knew and loved. Yet, whatever feelings of reserve might belong to my sister's character, I think it will not be said by any who knew her, that her behaviour ever indicated intellectual arrogance, or supercilious indifference towards persons whose worth might want the embellishments of education. Her distaste for vulgarity of sentiment and manners was strong; but intrinsic goodness never suffered in her esteem from the mere deficiency of mental adorments. In explaining her conduct on some particular occasion, in a letter to her mother, she says: — "At any rate, my dear mother, do not accuse me of vanity and arrogance, which I from my very heart disclaim. If, in comparison with some of my friends, others of them may appear less pleasing or less intelligent, believe me, when-

ever I compare any with myself, the result is humiliating. And, perhaps, nothing is less likely to raise any one highly in my esteem than their writing at the rate I do. My dear mother, do me the justice to believe that, at whatever crevice my vanity may endeavour to peep out, it will ever fly from the literary corner of my character. I am not indifferent to the opinion of any one, though I never expect to acquire that sort of philosophic serenity which shall enable me to regard the whole circle of my acquaintance with the same glow of affection, or smile of complacency." — P. 133.

Whatever of keen insight into character and motives we detect in Jane Taylor's more pretentious writings — and 'Display' has some very good hits at the religious world — may be traced, we believe, to a lively mind finding itself without a congenial field for its energies in society, and driven into reflection and speculation from the want, or rather in the absence of, active interests. There are some who would be writers whatever attractions life held out to them, but the number of these is comparatively few. We do not speak now of the infantile verses which really constitute these sisters' title to fame, but of graver efforts, undertaken with the purpose, Mr. Taylor dwells on so much. Whatever line a purpose takes, it involves labour that the mind would willingly evade if anything pleasanter offered, wherein it can allege a duty to employ itself. As for their verses — still in every child's mouth, because no successor in the same field has caught their pretty knack of expression — they convey their meaning and tell their story with such a happy simplicity of diction, that we cannot associate labour with them. ' The numbers came,' as it seems, easily enough, and called for no discipline of disappointment; they were, in fact, the refreshment of what many would call a life of drudgery.

' Nearly the whole of my sisters' part in the "Original Poems," the nursery rhymes, and the rest of their early works were written in minutes, or in half hours, redeemed from other occupations, to which much more importance was attached in their own view, as well as in that of their parents.' — P. 138.

And again: —

' Almost everything written by my sisters for some years after their first appearance in print, was composed either before the regular occupations of the day had commenced, or after they had been concluded. It was, for the most part, after a day of assiduous application that the pieces contained in the volumes of "Original Poems," and rhymes for the nursery

were written ; nor was it, I think, till a much later period that they ever permitted themselves the indulgence of an entire day given to the labour of the pen.' — P. 144.

These seem natural enough circumstances for the composition of the capital fable of the Greedy Duck, the Dialogue of the Ass and the Cow, or even 'Twinkle, twinkle, little Star.' But Mr. Taylor's 'massive style' is not the best fitted for giving the history of these little effusions. He cannot be otherwise than solemn, whatever his theme — and the smaller the subject the more weight he seems to have felt it his office to impart to it. Thus he introduces his sister's first appearance in print, in her twenty-first year, by the following exordium : —

' It is not always that a sphere of usefulness is chosen, and entered upon, by the deliberate determination of the agent ; He who gives to all their worth, not only chooses who shall serve Him, but leads those whom He calls into His service in a path, of which, when they enter upon it, they know not the direction. Ambitious minds may devise schemes big with importance, which they imagine themselves destined to execute ; but it is seldom that such schemes are borne onward by the prospering breath of heaven.' — P. 142.

This as it may be. But not the less, every great work, involving a life's labour, must have been undertaken under a sense of its importance. Many people have mistaken their powers ; but the men who have achieved great things, have not therefore done it in the dark.

The lives of book writers, whether the books are large or small, do not often present much incident. Whether Jane Taylor's life was ever stirred by the excitement of any stronger emotions than belong to family affection, we are not told ; but for a passing allusion in one of her letters — which may mean nothing — we should assume not. The recorded changes of place partake of the monotony of the removes from the blue bed to the brown ; and it is a prominent incident, deserving a new chapter, when an alarm of a French invasion induces her parents to send her, with the younger children, to the country for a while ; leaving escape from Colchester easy to the elders, should Buonaparte really make good his threats, and land on our Eastern coast, as a great many people expected him to do. The letters to her mother on this occasion contain nothing remarkable. They are those of a good, dutiful, managing girl, anx-

ious under her new responsibilities, and so intent in keeping up the family industry, that she cannot spare time to take the children for a walk. We realize, however, something of the threatened invasion, and how it would affect the movements of ordinary people, in some of her letters ; as when — the alarm being almost over — it suddenly revived. The young people had been about to return, and she writes : —

' Could you see us just now, I cannot tell whether you would most laugh at or pity us. I am sitting in the middle of the room, surrounded with beds, chairs, tables, boxes, &c., and every room is the same. But our brains are in still greater confusion — not knowing now what to do. Have you heard this new alarm ? It is said the French are actually embarking. Mr. Heleman strongly advises us not to move till we hear something more. We have at length resolved to wait, at least till Saturday ; and if you write by return of post, we shall be able to act them according to your wishes ; but in the meanwhile we shall be in a most delightful plight, for most of the things are packed up ready to go to-morrow ; and then, if after all we must stay, it will be vexatious enough. If you find there is no foundation for the alarm, you will of course order us home directly. But do not fail to write, for we are quite deplorable.' — P. 163.

The mother writes at the same time from the point of expected attack.

' And now for news : all here is perfectly quiet, and still no thinking people at all doubt our being invaded ; but as to their success there are different opinions, the foolish and uninformed which you know in Colchester is much the greatest part, now laugh at the late alarm — laugh at those who have left the town — laugh at General Craig — laugh at everything, and think all as safe and secure as if they were in the Garden of Eden ; sure this is not one of those awful still calms before a violent storm ; certain it is that General Craig is still indefatigable in spite of all laughing ; the Butter Market is nearly walled up and made a guard-house, and everything goes on with the utmost vigour. Yesterday was the Fast, the volunteers, the Mayor, and all went to St. James' to hear Mr. Round, who preached from Macabees. Your father entered for the first time in his life most seriously and earnestly into the spirit of the fast. He took one half round of toast at breakfast and no dinner ; I took no breakfast save half a pint of water, and a very little dinner ; no cloth laid, and Martin and Kitty were very compliant. Your father and Martin went to meeting in the morning, in the afternoon we read a prayer at home, and in the evening had a lecture at our own place. I chose the text, it was this, David's words to Goliath of Gath — " Thou comest to me with a

sword and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." It was a wonderful discourse. The people came about your father in the vestry, and begged him to have it printed, several of them saying they would be five shillings towards the expense. His comparison between Goliath of Gath and Buonaparte was ingenious, *Goliath* has three significations, — Revolution, Captivity, and Passing over; he dwelt some time on his armour, his target, his spear like a weaver's beam, compared to the amazing preparations now made to invade us, on the Lord as the God of Hosts, exhorting to trust on Him as such. He feared should they make an attempt many of our dear countrymen would wallow in their blood,' &c. — P. 160.

If strong-minded, rational people took the alarm so seriously, we may imagine the panic in many a household; and be thankful that, so far at least, the nerves of our families are spared such trials; though we observe that the Fenians are becoming somewhat of a similar bugbear, even in quiet places.

Perhaps it is owing to the natural seriousness of Jane Taylor's mind, and a sincerity which made her jealous of adopting the phraseology of the religious people about her, that her religious history is not at all what might be expected from one accepted as a teacher by a large party. Her brother, in entering on this subject, testifies to the careful training of father and mother, resulting in strong impressions; but reverence withheld her from any such declaration of her convictions, as would be expected from her.

'Her imagination, susceptible as it was in the highest degree to impressions of fear, rendered her liable at times to those deep, painful emotions which belong to a conscience that has been aroused but not fully pacified; and these feelings, blended with the pensiveness of her tender heart, gave it for many years a tone of mournfulness and distress to her inward spiritual life. Religious principles when thus clouded with gloom, must always be less influential than when the mind is in a happier state; for the head cannot be favourably ruled by fear; yet they were not destitute of influence upon her conduct; and I find dated in her fourteenth year records of pious resolutions, and emphatic expressions of the sense she had of the supreme importance of the objects of Christian faith.' — P. 122.

But neither fear nor reverence were the only hindrances to a fluent religious profession. The brother touches on the friendships she was allowed to form in girlhood as

unfavourable to a settled faith. Indeed we might gather from the following passage that there was painful disturbance —

'A religious training meeting with feelings so highly excitable, and where at the same time a young person is exposed to many seductive influences, is likely to produce frequent and painful conflicts between opposing principles, before that settled calm is obtained that makes religion all that is joyous as well as all that is excellent in the character. Such was for a length of time the state of my sister's mind; but I believe that though often perplexed and distressed by seeming difficulties, her conviction of the truth of revealed religion was never materially shaken; and her habitual belief was full and firm; and in the latter years of her life I think it was never disturbed.' — P. 122.

It is startling to find at nearly the close of her memoir, and after all the works had been written to which such deep religious usefulness has been attributed, that up to her thirty-sixth year she had never made an open profession of Christian faith in Holy Communion; not, we mean, according to the rites of her own community. She could advise others on the subject, but herself held aloof. Nothing can show more distinctly the separation between the training and religious life of Dissent and the Church than this strange fact. We feel, especially in this case of a sincere, thoughtful, earnest mind seeking after truth, and never resting short of it, the infinite shortcomings of the religious system to which her birth, circumstances, and it must be added taste, allied her. It seems (but she explains that it was not) simultaneous with the appearance of the symptoms of a mortal disease which in her forty-second year proved fatal, that the clouds of doubt against which she had struggled, but which had overshadowed her life, cleared away before a sudden illumination. Her religious belief had long been settled, but she had failed to apprehend with comfort to herself her own part in 'the hope set before us in the Gospel.' At length, we are told, rather suddenly (in 1817) the long-standing doubts as to her own personal religion were dispelled, and she admitted joyfully the 'hope of salvation'; and at the same time it is explained that the extreme reserve of temper as well as want of religious comfort had up to this time withheld her from 'making an explicit profession of her faith in Christ, and joining in the commemoration of His death. Now, however, the reluctance gave way.' It is in cases like this that we seem to feel to the utmost the fundamental

differences which separate Dissent from the Church, and the injustice of the system of Dissent towards the class of minds that shrink morbidly from a formula, which, instead of owning itself for such, professes in each case to be an original personal declaration. In the instance of Jane Taylor we feel to be able to pronounce definitely that under the teaching, and enjoying the rites of the Church she would have been happier, as well as more really religious. Her system left her to grope her own way, choose her own times, and be the victim of scruples and states of feeling — not without a touch of cynicism towards those of her own party who could step into the groove of so-called spontaneous profession, and in using a language satisfy themselves that they felt its import. The heroine of her story 'Display' represents the conclusions of her personal observations, and illustrates the facility with which persons of unreal character can fall in with a tone in religion, with which she was evidently familiar, to disgust. And in like manner she protests in her letters against the technicalities of religion, and doubts the sincerity of all prayer that costs the suppliant no effort. Yet faithful to the teaching of her youth, she speaks in an insufferable tone of the liturgy of our Church, and the refuge it offers to the faltering tongue and unready intellect. We hardly like to quote an expression we encounter in a letter of hers, desiring as we do to recommend this character, remarkable for sincerity, sense of duty, and strength of purpose, to the tolerant interest of our readers. But in fact writing home from Devonshire, where she was residing with her brother, and explaining how they are driven to go to Church (Mr. Melville Horne's) from the want of a more congenial service, she excuses the step on the ground that Watts's Hymns were sung at the church, which, as she gracefully expresses it, 'make the prayers go down a little better.' But though morally independent, she was never so intellectually, and all her friends up to a certain time were Dissenters, some, such as Josiah Conder, distinguished ones. One of these, to whom her brother devotes some pages of spirited description, was Mr. Gunn, a Scotchman of such violent antipathies to Prelacy, Establishments, and liturgical worship, that to Mr. Taylor's larger-minded tolerance it amounted to fanaticism, almost to insanity : —

' This deep passion nevertheless so ruled itself within him that, on the exterior all was bland, courteous, gentlemanlike. He soon found or felt that we, his new friends, although at that

time good Dissenters enough, after the tame English fashion, were very far from being alive to the *infinite importance* of the principle of Dissent ; ours was a milk-and-water Nonconformity — we could speak of bishops, and not burn as we spoke, or we might even on occasions enter a church. Our wary friend did not assail this indifference with vehemence. He felt his way. His influence over us was great, and he used it with caution. The result of this influence on the two years of our intercourse, was — with my sisters to invigorate their Nonconformity ; and with Jane it was enough to give point to some passages in "Essays in Rhyme," which otherwise would have been wanting in so much animation. Happily, friendships were soon formed with pious persons, members of the Established Church, which availed to moderate and modify this eager polemic feeling.' — P. 265.

These friends, acquired subsequently at Marazion, in Cornwall, were first Josiah Hill, a Methodist preacher, and friend of John Foster, whose dissent was of a softer type, 'intellectual Christian feeling coming in the place of sectarian zest ;' and next three ladies, all Churchwomen, and all more energetically devoted to good works, than it had been her experience so far to see women. Of these, one Miss Maxwell, became the wife of the Rev. Henry Lyte, known as the author of a hymn which may be said to be incorporated into the language. Another, Lydia Grenfell, whose name is associated with that of Henry Martyn, who, after making his final choice and parting with her forever, gives evidence in his journal of the pang it had cost him when he writes 'how miserable did life appear without the hope of Lydia.'

' Another friend — if indeed my sister could have ventured to speak of her as "her friend" — was one, her acquaintance with whom had a marked influence in opening her mind, inasmuch as she witnessed an order of Christian excellence very unlike any that had occurred within the circle of her earlier friendships. . . . Soon after our arrival at Marazion my sister had become acquainted with Miss Grenfell, and had rendered aid in the Sunday school under this lady's management. The time now spoken of was about two years after the death of Henry Martyn, which occurred at Tocat, October 16, 1817 ; and little more than one year after that event had become known to her to whose earthly happiness it was fatal. . . . None who saw and conversed with Miss Grenfell as my sister did, unknowing of the love through which she had so lately passed, could have surmised the fact, or could have supposed what had been the peculiarity of the trial she had endured. Perfectly calm in deportment, and cheerful when engaged in labours of Christian charity, she be-

trayed no inward conflicts: yet must there not have been such? . . . A dignity like that of high birth, softened by an unaffected Christian humility and meekness, was her characteristic. Yet was it evident that she held at a distance any who were not entitled to her intimate regard. My sister's intimacy with Lydia Grenfell was not of that kind. I do not know that any correspondence between them took place after we left Cornwall.' — P. 302.

It is clear that in this friendship there was something of condescension on the one side. The third friend was a daughter of the Melville Horne already spoken of.

' Miss Horne's affectionate warmth and vivacity, in contrast with the icy sweetness of Anne Maxwell, and the lofty meekness of Lydia Grenfell, took effect as a sort of amalgam, giving to our Marazoni circle an animation that engaged my sister's feelings, which might otherwise have received a chill from the much less fervent style of the other two. These three ladies, evangelic in their principles, firm and decisive in their attachment to the Established Church, and very devout in their observance of its ritual, made their way into Jane's affectionate regard on grounds wholly unlike those which had determined nearly all her earlier friendships. Jane Taylor at twenty might not have recognized the excellence which at thirty commanded her esteem. In these new friends she acknowledged a superiority, of which hitherto she had thought little — as she had seen little — that of Christian devotedness, apart from intellectuality and its tastes and accomplishments.' — P. 304.

But while Mr. Taylor yields the palm of Christian devotedness to the Church of this period, he claims for Dissent the greater intellectual activity. After exhausting her energies and trying health and spirits by the composition of her 'Essays in Rhyme,' a work of which we are sorry to have to confess our ignorance, Jane recruited her spirits by a visit to her sister Ann, lately married to Mr. Gilbert, congregational minister and classical tutor of the Independent College at Rotherham, of whose powers Mr. Taylor speaks in high terms.

' What those changes are which may have come in upon English dissenting Christianity in the course of fifty years, this is not the place to inquire; but it is certain that fifty years ago there existed a feeling in and among the larger congregations (perhaps the smaller also) throughout the midland counties, which made it a golden time for a popular religious writer, and especially for a female writer. There was intelligence — there were habits of reading — there was the listening to noted preachers — Robert Hall, the prince of them, which, alto-

gether, raised some of these societies to a level, as to thought, taste, and knowledge, which no other religious communions of the time had reached; and a knowledge of which might have amazed some of those literary magnates, whose only notion of the "sects" was that they were knots of self-willed and ignorant enthusiasts, of whom it would be well if England could be thoroughly cleaned. Such were not the leading Dissenters of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the manufacturing districts, and a little way southwards. In truth, some very small Dissenting congregations in obscure towns might then have been named, within which as many books were annually read, as would have sufficed for satisfying the intellectual hunger and thirst of the clergy, nobility, and gentry for seven years. What I have seen and known in several parts of England warrants my risking the conjecture.' — P. 352.

We are not prepared either to accept or deny this assertion. Perhaps these bodies knew as little of the amount of reading of the clergy and nobility of that day as *they* knew of Dissent; but we believe that in the districts especially to which Mr. Taylor points, the children of these leading Independents if they maintained orthodoxy on certain main points, have generally conformed to the Church. It is not — has not hitherto been — in the nature of things to remain a strict separatist under the conditions of social and intellectual advance here indicated. In the circles thus described, Jane Taylor was received with the distinction due to unusual powers; for authoresses were rare fifty years ago, in comparison with our own day. No doubt the fact of writing a fairly good book, when writers are few, implies a great deal more power than when the impulse to write is common. It is wonderful what the gift of imitation will do so soon as persons become alive to the uses it may be put to. They will often write what seems at the time a better book than their more original predecessor; time only will prove it possessed of less vitality. The same distinction we fancy observable in the manner of the authoress by vocation, of whatever calibre: the manner will sustain and be in harmony with the reputation, and will have weight. This calm self-appreciation probably no holder of the 'Family Pen' before us would be wanting in, to judge from the tone of the biographer. But we see it distinctly in Jane Taylor's style. All her maxims have been tested by personal experience, and are delivered with a decision which adds to their value. A few miscellaneous sentences will do little to show this; but they are all we can afford. The following is from a letter of advice to young

people on whom she is enforcing the duty of respect: a family virtue so much in the background in our own easy slang-speaking times.

'I said respectful attention: respect is a word I am fond of, for if well attended to in a family, it will go a great way towards promoting its order and happiness. A respectful conduct should by no means be confined to strangers where common politeness demands it, nor even to our parents and acknowledged superiors. That familiarity that breeds contempt should be carefully avoided, even among brothers and sisters; for equal affection loses all its *gracefulness*, without that accompanying respect which should never be lost sight of, even among perfect equals, and especially where we must acknowledge superiority.' — Vol. I. p. 341.

Here is a passage for hymn writers.

'I think I have some idea of what a child's hymn ought to be; and when I commenced the task it was with the presumptuous determination that nothing should fall short of the standard I had formed in my mind. In order to do this, my method was to shut my eyes and imagine the presence of some pretty little mortal, and then endeavour to catch it as it were, the very language it would use on the subject before me. If in any instances I have succeeded, to this imaginary being I should attribute my success. And I have failed so frequently, because so frequently I was compelled to say, "Now you may go, my dear. I shall finish the hymn myself." — P. 230.

The following distinction is a good one. She is describing why the good girl in 'Display' loves her father:

'He studied to make her happy by supplying her with all the comforts and pleasures his circumstances would allow; but it was not for these things that Emily felt most obliged to her father. . . . It was the liberty she enjoyed to pursue her own pleasures, the luxury of being alone, the inestimable privilege of not being obliged to talk, that inspired her with gratitude, and made her think him the best and kindest of fathers. And, indeed, this gratitude was not misplaced: for that sort of kindness, which allows the object of it, as far as possible, to pursue its own plan of happiness, is that alone which makes the difference between gratitude and thanks.' — Vol. II. p. 33.

The next is on the same subject:

'Indeed, it is nothing less than Christian humility that can make persons willing to be happy in any way that is not of their own choosing.' — P. 120.

Her cleverness of observation shows itself mainly in analysing the small weaknesses of humanity. Her frivolous character is in trouble and visited by her friend who detects a reviving cheerfulness.

'When Emily came in, she found her disposed for the first time to enter into conversation, and tell of her troubles; for when people begin suddenly to talk of their misfortunes, it is generally in consequence of some temporary alleviation of their pressure.'

The example of 'Display' having taken up religion violently when it seemed in fashion, relapses to the world when her object is not gained, and marries an officer in a marching regiment, who proves in the end to be the son of a haberdasher, too idle and conceited for business. This fellow is well done. Under debt and difficulties, he is forced by his uncle to give up his profession which had dazzled his wife's judgment, and returns to the counter, to the infinite mortification of his wife. He is a character of a lower order, but easy and good-natured withal. Under troubles of his own raising, he looks round for some temporary alleviation. The resource he turns to is typical of a large class.

'There were few afflictions he dreaded so much as that of being obliged to exert himself. As he walked down the street, wishing Edwards would not be so unaccountably lazy, and wondering what he should do, some fine nuts caught his eye that were exposed for sale in a cottage window: he bought some, and was comforted. He was very fond of good things in general, and of these in particular; and while he sat on a seat upon the cricket-ground, cracking his nuts, he forgot his troubles; at least, they did not oppress him. There were few of the evils of life, for which an apple, a nut, and especially a good dinner, would not afford him temporary relief. And if this real interest in the sweet and the savoury were peculiar to persons of no higher intellectual pretensions than Mr. Frederick Robinson, it would not be at all unaccountable.' — Vol. II. p. 126.

There are some excellent portraits of professors which we have not space for. Betsy Pryke, for example, who 'valued comfort much above consistency, and was more observant of her frames of mind than of her temper,' and of her fashionable heroine who, 'for vanity is seldom dainty,' attended Miss Pryke's prayer-meetings and adopted the language and some of the looks and gestures of its humbler frequenters. The following passage draws a good distinction and is appropriate to the modern

sentimentalism of some fine people on the subject of heaven.

'These peculiarities, which are often the genuine and natural expressions of earnest sincerity, uncontrolled by the delicacy which teaches the educated to conceal their feelings, too easily pass among some as a sign of grace; while among others, they are with as little discrimination concluded to be the symptoms of hypocrisy. When a poor Christian turns the key on her comfortless dwelling and sets off with her lantern and her Bible, to spend an hour in thinking and hearing of a place where there will be no more want, it is not surprising if she be more deeply interested and affected than those who leave a comfortable drawing-room, an intelligent circle, or some interesting pursuit, and whose "joy unspeakable" it costs them, perhaps, little effort to conceal.' — P. 63.

There is power of analysis too in her portrait of the indolent woman of the world, though it wants indulgence for certain constitutional stimulants to cheerfulness beyond the power of expression.

'Her feelings were naturally violent, but she had such an extreme dislike of being uncomfortable, that she rarely suffered them to be very troublesome to her. When the news arrived that her only and darling son had died abroad of the yellow fever, many people thought that she would not long survive the intelligence. Her sorrow at first was ungovernable. She said she should never have another happy hour; but it is easier to be distracted for a week than sorrowful for life; and Mrs. Palmer discovered surprisingly soon that she was still in possession of all those good things on which her daily pleasure depended. She had no son, it was true; but she had a pleasant house, handsome furniture, luxurious fare, a healthy appetite, a fine person, and expensive ornaments. She could still walk and drive, visit, receive company, and cultivate her fernery, and attend to her greenhouse, and arrange her cabinet: so that she recovered her cheerfulness rapidly. There was nothing on her mind with which sorrow could amalgamate; it was an unwelcome and unintelligible foreigner. By her son's dying at a distance, she was spared what were to her the most shocking circumstances attending such an event.' — P. 65.

This line of portraiture betrays perhaps some of the severity of a narrow training, which has not learnt to make allowances. The picture is in fact in marked contrast with that presented by the writer's own life, so far as the brother's not very clear or telling manner gives it. She was one very capable of retaining impressions, whether of sadness or of feeling, and the method of her

early life devoted to labour beyond what is wholesome to most minds, held down any exuberance. The temper which clings to habit and associations and dreads change, is of necessity somewhat supercilious: these qualities, as proving stability and constancy, set themselves in flattering contrast with the transient facile attachments and curable sorrows of other people, without whom, however, the world would be a gloomier place than it is.

We have dwelt mainly on the character of Jane Taylor, both because her memoir and specimens of her works fill the greater part of these volumes, and because her religious history is a really remarkable one. To us it brings into strong relief the differences of the two opposing systems under which the religion of our country divides itself. We cannot doubt that she suffered under the liberty and self-guidance to which the practices of her hereditary principles rather than her own temper committed her. Few feel the difficulties and self-questionings she did, because to most people it is natural to adopt the line which circumstances indicate to them, and to slip into the language and professions current among those they accept as guides. But self-respect, a high estimate of family intellect, and superiority, and true conscientiousness, withheld her from this mode of settling her religious position; and the freedom of intercourse she had been early allowed by her parents with sceptical companions, implanted doubts and difficulties in her mind which the system of Nonconformity offered nothing either in creeds, or in rites, or authority to counteract. She had as it were to fight her harassing doubts single-handed. That these doubts were dispelled at length, and her last painful years brightened by the more confident belief and clearer hopes, we must in part at least attribute to her intercourse with devout members of our Church. Her brother considers that this experience enlarged her sympathies. It is evident to us that it also stimulated her faith and showed religion in a new aspect, and so connected her personally with its truths in a way unknown and unfelt before.

The second volume is devoted to examples of the practice of the 'Family Pen,' by its different members. Of course the biographer's voluminous works cannot find a place in it, one little ingenious apologue is all that represents him, the rest of any value are by Jane Taylor, one long tale by Jefferys Taylor, highly commended by the editor, is curious in being to our taste — though not without ability,

indeed with striking points—simply unreadable, from the amount of minute and sometimes revolting detail, with which the history of a miser finding a treasure, is spun out to sixteen chapters; during which we contemplate a scarcely responsible human being brutalized by an instinct for gold, and crawling a good part of the time on all fours. As the biographer of his sisters we have been concerned mainly with the late Isaac Taylor. His son, the editor, is only responsible for a short introduction, and for the selection from the family archives of appropriate examples of their distinctive powers.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

THERE is a mania for Mr. Dickens's readings in the United States of such force and magnitude that the day breaks, — we hope not so cold a day as we have had recently in England, — on hundreds of persons waiting in file at the box office to be supplied with tickets. True, numbers of these were not intending auditors, but only brokers of tickets, who hoped to sell them again at scarcity prices, — but still a great many of them were real buyers, and even the speculators showed what the demand must be. And yet the hall was generally not filled, and many of the tickets not sold, for the same reason for which the speculators for a rise in time of famine have sometimes destroyed great quantities of grain, — namely, that the artificial scarcity caused by a withholding or destruction of a considerable number of tickets, so enhances the price of the remaining ones as to more than cover the value of the tickets destroyed or withheld. It is an odd mania. Mr. Dickens reads his comic parts admirably, is imitable in "Mr. Toots," and very great in "Serjeant Buzzfuz." Still it is a mild order of amusement for which to suffer martyrdom. Reading really cannot much enhance the humour of his most humourous touches, for Mr. Dickens's humour is too broad to need any of the interpretation of a subtle delivery. And his pathos is excruciating. It is an open question whether his reading of the death of little "Paul Dombey" does not more than balance the pleasure of his reading of "Mr. Toots." Instead of one ticket rewarding a dozen hours' waiting, we think a dozen tickets would barely reward one hour's waiting, — that is, to the *bona fide* consumer. Of course, money is money, and Americans only know what a night "*sub jove frigido*" should fetch in cash.

THE Emperor of the French received the Diplomatic Body on New Year's Day as usual, but made no sensational speech. He merely affirmed once more "his constant desire to remain at peace with all the Powers." On the same day *La Presse* contained an article, believed to be completely official, in which Prussia is warned that "it is not France which checks her, but the Treaty of Prague;" an alliance between France and Austria is threatened; an understanding between Russia and Prussia is openly admitted; Italy is called an ally of Prussia, and the Italian Government is warned that France has no longer any obligation towards Italy. The writer concludes by declaring that the only policy is to show Prussia "that France has the means of enforcing respect for treaties, and to signify to Italy that she is resolutely determined to do so." *La Presse* further declares that Prussian armaments are a disquieting element in the situation.

WE publish elsewhere an account, derived from sources which have never yet failed us on Italian affairs, of the present position of parties and statesmen in the Peninsula. The writer traces the weakness of the Government to the self-will of the King, who will not tolerate any Minister who follows a policy of his own. We question, however, whether the statesmen are as right as he thinks in submitting to anything to shield the King. The House of Savoy may be essential to Italy, but Victor Emanuel is not the only member of that House, and he is destroying the very foundation of authority, confidence in the wisdom of the Executive.

WE have tried to explain elsewhere Marshal Niel's plan for reorganizing the Army, which we believe to be based on this idea. France is to be garrisoned by exempt conscripts, formed into a Garde Mobile of 400,000 men, and the whole Army released for foreign work. We must add here that the Chamber has passed the retroactive clauses of the Bill, which place all the exempts of the last four conscriptions in the Garde. Consequently, that body may be placed under arms within a month of the passing of the Bill, and by April will be sufficiently instructed. All this looks like war, and Marshal Niel himself declares that permanent peace is soon certain, though it may be reached through war, for the nations can no longer sustain such colossal armaments. He clearly thinks the crisis is drawing very near.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.—COMPOUND INTEREST.

Mr. BROWNLOW and his son were a long time together. They talked until the autumn day darkened, and they had no more light for their calculations. Mr. Brownlow had been very weary, — even stupefied. He had entered upon the conversation because he could not resist Jack's eagerness, and the decided claim he made to know fully a business which so much concerned him. He had a right to know, which his father could not dispute; but nevertheless all the events of the past twenty-four hours had worn Mr. Brownlow out. He was stupefied; he did not know what had happened; he could not recollect the details. When his attention was fully arrested, a certain habit of business kept him on, and his mind was clear enough when they went into figures, and when he had to make his son aware of the magnitude of the misfortune which had almost thrown his own mind off its balance. The facts were beyond all comment. It was simple ruin; but such was the nature of the men, and their agreement in it, that they both worked out their reckoning unflinchingly, and when they saw what it was, did not so much as utter an exclamation. They laid down, the one his pen and the other his pencil, as the twilight darkened round them. There was no controversy between them. It was nobody's fault. Jack might have added a sting to everything by reproaching his father for the ignorance in which he had been brought up, but he had no mind for any such useless exasperation. Things were as bad as bad could be; therefore they brought their calculations to an end very quietly, and came to the same conclusion as the darkness closed over them. They sat for a minute on opposite sides of the table, not looking at each other, with their papers before them, and their minds filled with one sombre thought. Whether it was that or the mere fall of day which was closing round them neither could have told — only that under this dull oppression there was in Jack's mind a certain wild suppressed impatience, an overwhelming sense of all that was included in the crisis; while his father in the midst of it could not repress a strange longing to throw himself down upon the sofa, to close his eyes, to be alone in the silence and darkness. Rest was his most imperative want. The young man's mind was thrilling with a desire to be up and at his troubles, to fight and make some head against them. But then things were new to Jack; whereas to Mr. Brownlow, who had already made a long and not guiltless struggle, the only thing apparent and desirable was rest — to lie down and be quiet for a little, to have no question asked him, nothing said to him, or, if it should please God, to sleep.

Jack, however, was not the man, under the circumstances, to let his father get either sleep or rest. After they had made all the calculations possible, and said everything that was to

be said, he did not go away, but sat silent, biting his nails and pondering much in his mind. They had been thus for about half an hour without exchanging a word, when he suddenly broke into speech.

"It must go into Chancery, I suppose?" he said. "She has got to prove her identity, and all that. You will have time at least to realize all your investments. Too much time perhaps."

"She is an old woman," said Mr. Brownlow. He was thinking of nothing beyond the mere matter of fact, and there was no meaning in his voice, but yet it startled his son. "And you were to marry her daughter. I had almost forgotten that. You were very decided on the subject last time you spoke to me. In that case everything would be yours."

"I hope she may live for ever!" said Jack, getting up from his chair; "and she has no intention of giving me her daughter now — not that her intention matters much," he said to himself, half muttering, as he stood with his hand on the table. The change was bewildering. He would have his Pamela still, whatever anybody might say; but to run away with his pretty penniless darling, and work for her and defy the world for her, was very different from running away with the little heiress who had a right to every penny he had supposed his own. It was very hard upon him; but all the same he had no intention of giving in. No idea of self-sacrifice ever crossed his mind. It made the whole matter more confusing, more disagreeable — but anybody's intention mattered very little, father or mother; he meant to have his love and his way all the same.

"It does matter," said Mr. Brownlow. "It had much better never go into Chancery at all. I never had any objections to the girl — you need not be impatient. I always liked the girl. She is like your mother. I never knew what it was" — Then Mr. Brownlow made a little pause. "Poor Bessie!" he said, though it was an exclamation that did not seem called for. It was this fortune that had first made him think of Bessie. It was for her sake — for the sake of making a very foolish marriage — that he had made use of the money which at first was nothing but a plague and burden to him. Somehow she seemed to come up before him now it was melting away, and he knew that the charm of Pamela's dewy eyes and fresh face had been their resemblance to Bessie. The thought softened his heart, and yet made it sting and ache. "This matter is too important for temper or pride," he went on, recovering himself. "If we are to treat as enemies, of course I must resist, and it will be a long suit, and perhaps outlive us all. But if you are to be her daughter's husband, the question is different. You are the natural negotiator between us."

"I can't be; it is impossible," cried Jack; and then he sat down again in his chair in a sort of sullen fury with himself. Of course he was the natural negotiator. It was weakness

itself to think of flinching from so plain a duty; and yet he would rather have faced a battery or led a forlorn hope.

" You must be," said Mr. Brownlow. " We are all excited at this present moment; but there can be no doubt of what your position entails. You are my son, and you are, against my will, contrary to my advice, engaged to her daughter. Unless you mean to throw off the girl you love because she has suddenly become an heiress" —

" I mean nothing of the sort," cried Jack, angrily. " I shall never throw her off."

" Then you can't help having an interest in her fortune; — and doing the best you can for her," said his father, after a pause.

Then again silence fell upon the two. It was natural and reasonable, but it was utterly repugnant, even though one of them thus urged it, to both. A thing may be recommended by good sense, and by all the force of personal interest, and yet may be more detestable than if it was alike foolish and wicked. This was how it seemed to Jack; and for Mr. Brownlow, in the whirl of ruin which had sucked him in, it was as yet but a poor consolation that his son might get the benefit. Acting by the dictates of nature he would rather have kept his son at his side to share his fortune and stand by him. Yet it was his duty to advise Jack to go over to the other side and take everything he had from him, and negotiate the transfer of his fortune — to " do the best he could," in short, for his father's adversary. It was not an expedient agreeable to either, and yet it was a thing which reason and common sense demanded should be done.

While they sat thus gloomily together, the household went on in a strangely uncomfortable way outside. The men came straggling in from their shooting, or whatever they had been doing; and, though Sara was with the ladies, everybody knew by instinct, as it seemed, that her father and brother were consulting together over something very serious, shut up in the library, Mr. Brownlow neglecting his business and Jack his pleasure. If it had only been business that was neglected, nobody would have been surprised; but when things were thus pushed beyond that natural regard for appearances which is born with Englishmen, they must be serious indeed. Then, of course, to make matters worse, the gentlemen came in earlier than usual. It was their curiosity, the elder ladies said to each other, for everybody knows that it is men who are the true gossips and ferret everything out; but, however that might be, it threw additional embarrassment upon Sara, who stood bravely at her post — a little flushed, perhaps, and unnaturally gay, but holding out with dauntless courage. She had everything to take on her own shoulders. That night, as it happened by unlucky chance, there was to be a dinner-party. Sir Charles Motherwell and his mother were coming, and were to stay all night; and the Rector was coming, he who knew the house better than any-

body else, and would be most quick of all to discover the difference in it. The recollection of the gathering in the evening had gone out of Mr. Brownlow's mind, and even Jack had forgotten all about it. " Like men!" Sara said to herself, indignantly. She had everything to do, though she had not slept all night, and had not escaped her share of the excitement of the day. She had to give all the orders and make all the arrangements, and now sat dauntless pouring out the tea, keeping everybody at bay, acknowledging the importance of the crisis only by unusual depth of colour on her cheek, and an unusual translucent sheen in her big eyes. They did not flash or sparkle as other eyes might have done, but shone like globes full of some weird and visionary light. She had an answer ready for everybody, and yet all the while she was racking her mind to think what could they be doing down-stairs, what decision could they be coming to? She was doing her part stoutly in ignorance and patience, spreading her pretty draperies before them, as it were, and keeping the world at arm's length. " Oh, yes, the Motherwells are coming," she said, " but they will come dressed for dinner, which none of us are as yet. They are only at Ridley — they have not very far to come. Yes, I think we had better have a dance. Jack is not good for much in that way. He never was. He was always an out-of-doors sort of boy."

" He does not seem to care for out-of-doors either," said one of the young ladies; " and, Sara, I wonder what has happened to him. He always looks as if he were thinking of something else."

" Something else than — what?" said Sara. " He has something else than us to think of — if that is what you mean. He is not one of your idle people" — which speech was met by a burst of laughter.

" Oh no; he is very diligent; he loves business," said young Keppel. " We are all aware of that."

" He is not at the bar, you know," retorted the dauntless Sara. " He has not briefs pouring in upon him like — some people. But it is very good of you to take so much notice of us between the circuits — is that the right word? And to reward you, you shall manage the dance? Does Sir Charles dance? I suppose so — all common people do."

" Sara, my love, don't speak so," said one of the matrons. " The Motherwells are one of the best families in the country. I don't know what you mean by common people."

" I mean people who are just like other people," said Sara, " as we all are. If we did not wear different-coloured dresses and have different-coloured hair and eyes, I don't see how we could be told from each other. As for gentlemen generally, you know one never knows which is which!" she cried, appealing to the candour of her friends. " We pretend to do it, to please them. Half of them have light beards and half of them have dark, and one never gets any further; except with those whom one has the

honour to know," said Sara, rising and making a curtsey to the young men who were round her. Then, amid laughter and remonstrances, they all went fluttering away — too early, as most of the young people thought — to their rooms to dress. And some of them thought Sara "really too bad;" and some were sure the gentlemen did not like it. The gentlemen, however, did not seem to mind. They said to each other, "By Jove! how pretty she was to-night!" and some of them wondered how much money she would have; and some supposed she would marry Charley Motherwell after all. And, for the moment, what with dinner approaching and the prospect of the dance after, both the ladies and the men forgot to wonder what could be the matter with the family, and what Mr. Brownlow was saying to Jack.

But as for Sarah, she did not forget. Though she was first to move, she was still in the drawing-room when they all went away, and came pitifully up to the big fire which sent gleams of light about through all the dark room, and knelt down on the hearth and warmed her hands, and shivered, not with cold, but excitement. Her eyes were big and nervous and dilated; but though her tears came easily enough on ordinary occasions, to-night she did not cry. She knelt before the fire and held out her hands to it, and then wrung them hard together, wondering how she should ever be able to go through the evening, and what they were doing downstairs, and whether she should not go and remind them of the dinner. It seemed to her as if for the moment she had got rid of her enemies, and had time to think; but she was too restless to think, and every moment seemed an hour to her. As soon as the steps and voices of the guests became inaudible on the stairs, she got up, and went down to seek them out in the library. There were two or three servants in the hall, more than had any right to be there, and Willis, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, came up to her in a doubtful, hesitating way. A gentleman had come up from the office, he said; but he did not like to disturb Master, as was a-talking with Mr. John in the library. The gentleman was in the dining-room. Would Miss Sara see him, or was her papa to be told? Sara was so much excited already, that she saw in this visitor only some new trouble, and jumped at the idea of meeting it herself, and perhaps saving her father something. "I will see him," she said; and she called up all her resolution, and went rapidly, with the haste of desperation, into the dining-room. The door had closed behind her, and she had glided past the long, brilliant, flower-decked table to where somebody was standing by the fireplace ere she really thought what she was doing. When the stranger started and spoke, Sara woke up as from a dream; and when she found it was Powys who was looking at her — looking anxious, wistful, tender, not like the other people — the poor girl's composure failed her. She gave him one glance, and then all the tears that had been gathering in her eyes suddenly burst

forth. "Oh, Mr. Powys, tell me what it is all about!" she cried, holding out her hands to him. And he, not knowing what he was doing, not thinking of himself or of his love, only penetrated to the heart by her tears, sprang forward and took her into his arms and comforted her. There was one moment in which neither of them knew. For that brief instant they clung to each other unwitting, and then they fell apart, and stood and looked at each other, and trembled, not knowing in their confusion and consciousness and trouble what to say.

"Don't be angry with me!" he cried; "I did not know what I was doing — I did not mean — forgive me! — you were crying, and I could not bear it; how could I stand still and see you cry?"

"I am not angry," said Sara, softly. Never in her life had she spoken so softly before. "I know you did not mean it; I am in such terrible trouble; and they never told me it was you."

Then Powys crept closer once more, poor young fellow, knowing he ought not, but too far gone for reason. "But it is I," he said, softly touching the hand with which she leaned on the mantel-piece, — "to serve you — to do anything — anything! only tell me what there is that I can do?"

Then she looked up with her big lucid eyes, and two big tears in them, and smiled at him though her heart felt like to burst, and put out her hands again, knowing this time what she was doing; and he took them, half-crazed with the joy and the wickedness. "I came up with some papers," he said; "I came against my will; I never thought, I never hoped to see you; and your father will think I have done it dishonourably on purpose; tell me, oh, tell me, what I can do."

"I don't think you can do anything," said Sara, "nor anybody else. I should not speak to you, but I can't help it. We are in great trouble. And then you are the only one I could speak to," said the girl, with unconscious self-betrayal. "I think we have lost everything we have in the world."

"Lost everything!" said Powys; his eyes began to dance, and his cheek to burn — "lost everything!" It was he now who trembled with eagerness, and surprise, and joy. "I don't want to be glad," he cried, "but I could work for you, slave for you — I shouldn't mind what I did!"

"Oh, hush!" cried Sara, interrupting him, "I think I hear papa: it might not matter for us, but it is him we ought to think of. We have got people coming, and I don't know what to do — I must go to papa."

Then the young man stood and looked at her wistfully. "I can't help you with that," he said, "I can't be any good to you — the only thing I can do is to go away; but, Sara! you have only to tell me; you know!"

"Yes," she said, lifting her eyes to him once more, and the two big tears fell, and her lips quivered as she tried to smile; she was not an-

gry—"Yes," she said, "I know;" and then there were sounds outside, and in a moment this strange, wild, sweet surprise was over. Sara rushed out to the library without another word, and Powys, tingling to the very points of his fingers, gave his bundle of papers to Willis to be given to Mr. Brownlow, and said he would come back, and rushed out into the glare of Lady Motherwell's lamps as her carriage came sweeping up the avenue. He did not know who the little old lady was, nor who the tall figure with the black mustache might be in the corner of the carriage; but they both remarked him as he came down the steps at a bound. It gave them their first impression of something unusual about the house. "It is seven now," Lady Motherwell said, "and dinner ought to be in half an hour — what an odd moment to go away." She was still more surprised to see no one but servants when she entered, and to be shown into the deserted drawing-room where there was not a sign of any one about. "I don't know what they mean by it, Charley," Lady Motherwell said; "Mr. Brownlow or somebody was always here to receive us before." Sir Charles did not say anything, but he pulled his mustache, and he, too, thought it was rather queer.

When Sara rushed into the library not five minutes before Lady Motherwell's arrival, the consultation there had been broken up. Jack, notwithstanding his many preoccupations, had yet presence of mind enough to remember that it was time to dress, as well as to perceive that all had been said that could be said. Mr. Brownlow was alone. He had stolen to the sofa for which he had been longing all the afternoon, and had laid himself down on it. The room was very dimly lighted by a pair of candles on the mantelpiece. It was a large room, and the faint twinkle of those distant lights made it look ghostly, and it was a very strange sight to see Mr. Brownlow lying on a sofa. He roused himself when Sara came in, but it was with an effort, and he was very reluctant to be disturbed. "Seven o'clock!" he said — "is it seven o'clock? but leave me a little longer, my darling; ten minutes is enough for dress."

"Oh, papa," said Sara, "it is dreadful to think of dress at all, or anything so trifling, on such a day; but we must do it — people will think —; I am sure even already they may be thinking."

"Yes," said Mr. Brownlow, vaguely — "I don't think it matters — I would rather have five minutes' sleep."

"Papa," said Sara in desperation, "I have just seen Mr. Powys — he has come with some papers — that is, I think he has gone away. He came to — to — I mean he told me he was sent to — I did not understand what it was, but he has gone away."

"Ah, he has gone away," said Mr. Brownlow, sitting up; "that is all right — all right. And there are the Motherwells coming. Sara,

I think Charles Motherwell is a very honest sort of man."

"Yes, papa," said Sara. She was too much excited and disturbed to perceive clearly what he meant, and yet the contrast of the two names struck her dimly. At such a moment what was Charles Motherwell to her?

"I think he's a very good fellow," said Mr. Brownlow, rising; and he went and stirred the smouldering fire. Then he came up to where she stood, watching him. "We shall have to go and live in the house at Masterton," he said, with a sigh. "It will be a strange place for such a creature as you."

"I don't see why it should be strange for me," said Sara; and then her face blazed suddenly with a colour her father did not understand. "Papa, I shall have you all to myself," she said, hurriedly, feeling in her heart more than half a hypocrite. "There will be no troublesome parties like this, and nobody we don't want to see."

Mr. Brownlow looked at her half suspiciously; but he did not know what had happened in those two minutes beside the fruit and flowers in the dining-room. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, and to take courage and play out his part steadily to the end.

"We must get through it to-night," he said. "We must keep up for to-night. Go and put on all your pretty things, my darling. You have had to bear the brunt of everything to-day."

"No, papa; it does not matter," said Sara, smothering the longing she had to cry, and tell him — tell him? — she did not know what. And then she turned and put her one question. "Is it true? — have we nothing? Is it all as that terrible woman said?"

Mr. Brownlow put his hand on her arm and leaned upon her, slight prop as she was. "You were born in the old house in Masterton," he said, with a certain tone of appeal in his voice; "your mother lived in it. It was bright enough once." Then he stopped and led her gently towards the door. "But, Sara, don't forget," he said hurriedly, "I think a great deal of Charles Motherwell — I am sure he is kind and honest and true."

"He has nothing to do with us!" said Sara, with a thrill of fear.

"I don't know," said Mr. Brownlow, almost humbly. "I don't know — if it might be best for you?"

And then he kissed her and sent her away. Sara flew to her own room with her heart beating so loud that it almost choked her. So many excitements all pressing on her together — so many things to think of — was almost more than an ordinary brain could bear. And to dress in all her bravery and go down and look as if nothing had happened — to sit at the head of the table just there where she had been standing half an hour before — to smile and talk and look her best as if everything was steady under her feet, and she knew of no volcano! And

then, to crown all, Sir Charles Motherwell ! In the height of her excitement it was perhaps a relief to her to think how at least she would crush that one pretendant. If it should be the last act of her reign at Brownlows, there would be a certain poetic justice in it. If he was so foolish, if he was so persistent, Sara savagely resolved that she would let him propose this time. And then ! But then she cried, to Angelique's great discomfiture, without any apparent reason. What was to be done with a young lady who left herself but twenty minutes to dress in, and wept in an unprovoked and exasperating way in the middle of it ? Sara was so shaken and driven about by emotion and by self-restraint that she was humble to Angelique in the midst of all her own tumults of soul.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK'S LAST TRIAL.

THE dinner passed over without, so far as the guests were aware, any special feature in it. Jack might look out of sorts, perhaps, but then Jack had been out of sorts for some time past. As for Sara, the roses on her cheeks were so much brighter than usual, that some people went so far as to suppose she had stooped to the vulgar arts of the toilette. Sir Charles Motherwell was by her side, and she was talking to him with more than ordinary vivacity. Mr. Brownlow, for his part, looked just as usual. People do not trouble themselves to observe whether the head of the house, when it is a man of his age, looks pale or otherwise. He talked just as usual ; and though, perhaps, it was he who had suffered most in this crisis, it did not cost him so much now as it did to his son and daughter. And the new people who came only for the evening, and knew nothing about it, amused the people who were living at Brownlows, and had felt in the air some indication of the storm. Everything went on well, to the amazement of those who were principally concerned — that is to say, everything went on like a dream ; the hours and all the sayings and doings in them, even those which they themselves did and said, swept on, and carried with them the three who had anxieties so much deeper at heart. Sara's cheeks kept burning crimson all the night ; and Mr. Brownlow stood apart and talked heavily with one or other of his guests ; and Jack did the best he could — going so far as to dance, which was an exercise he did not much enjoy. And the guests called it "a very pleasant evening" — with more than ordinary sincerity. When the greater part of those heavy hours had passed, and they began to see the end of their trial, a servant came into the room and addressed himself to Jack, who was just then standing with his partner in the pause of a waltz. Sara, though she was herself flying round the room at the moment, saw it, and lost breath. Mr. Brownlow saw it from the little inner drawing-room,

It seemed to him that every eye was fixed upon that one point, but the fact was nobody even noticed it but themselves and Jack's partner, who was naturally indignant when he gave up her hand and took her back to her seat. Somebody wanted to see him, the servant said — somebody who would not take any answer, but insisted on seeing Mr. John — somebody from the cottages at the gate. It was Willis himself who came, and he detracted in no way from the importance of the communication. His looks were grave enough for a plenipotentiary. His master, looking at him, felt that Willis must know all ; but Willis, to tell the truth, knew nothing. He felt that something was wrong, and, with the instinct of a British domestic, recognized that it was his duty to make the most of it — that was all. Jack went out following him, but the people who did not know there was anything significant in his going, took very little notice of it. The only visible consequence was, that thenceforward Sara was too tired to dance, and Mr. Brownlow forgot what he was saying in the middle of a sentence. Simple as the cause might be, it was alarming to them.

Jack asked the man no questions as he went down-stairs ; he was himself wound-up, and ready for anything. Whatever additional hardship or burden might come, his position could scarcely be made worse. So he was in a manner indifferent. What could it matter ? In the hall he found Mrs. Swayne standing wrapped up in a big shawl. She was excited, and fluttered, and breathless, and almost unable to speak, and the shawl which was thrown over her head showed that she had come in haste. She put her hand on Jack's arm, and drew him to a side out of hearing of the servants, and then her message burst forth.

"It's not what I ever thought I'd come to. It ain't what I'd do, if e'er a one of us were in our right senses," she cried. "But you must come down to her this very moment. Come along with me, Mr. John. It's that dark I've struck my foot again' every tree, and I've come that fast I ain't got a bit of breath left in my body. Come down to her this very moment. Come along with me."

"What is the matter ?" said Jack.

"Matter ! It's matter enough," gasped Mrs. Swayne, "or it never would have been me to come leaving my man in his rheumatics, and the street door open, and an old shawl over my head. And there ain't one minute to be lost. Get your hat and something to keep you warm, and I'll tell you by the way. It's bitter cold outside."

In spite of himself Jack hesitated. His pride rose up against the summons. Pamela had left him and gone over to her mother's side, and her mother was no longer a nameless poor woman, but the hard creditor who was about to ruin him and his. Though he had vowed that he would never give her up, yet somehow at that moment his pride got the better of his love. He hesitated, and stood looking at the breathless messenger, who herself, in her

turn, began to look at him with a certain contempt.

"If you ain't a-coming, Mr. John," said Mrs. Swayne, "say so — that's all as I ask. Not as I would be any way surprised. It's like men. When you don't want 'em, they'll come fast enough; but when you're in need, and they might be of some use — Ugh! that ain't my way. I wouldn't be the wretch as would leave that poor young critter in her trouble, all alone."

"All alone — what do you mean?" said Jack, following her to the door, and snatching his hat as he passed. "How can she be alone? Did she send you? What trouble is she in? Woman, can't you tell me what you mean?"

"I won't be called woman by you, not if you was ten times as grand — not if you was a duke or a lord," said Mrs. Swayne, rushing out into the night. Beyond the circle of the household lights, the gleaming lamp at the door and lighted windows, the avenue was black as only a path in the heart of the country can be. The night was intensely dark, the rain drizzling, and now and then a shower of leaves falling with the rain. Two or three long strides brought Jack up with the indignant Mrs. Swayne, who ran and stumbled, but made indifferent progress. He took hold of her arm, and in his excitement unconsciously gave her a shake.

"Keep by me and I'll guide you," he said; "and tell me in a word what is the matter, and how she happens to be alone?"

Then Mrs. Swayne's passion gave way to tears. "You'd think yourself alone," she cried, "if you was left with one as has had a shock, and don't know you no more than Adam, and ne'er a soul in the house, now I'm gone, but poor old Swayne with his rheumatics, as can't stir, not to save his life. You'd think it yourself if it was you. But catch a man a-forgetting of hisself like that; and the first thought in her mind was for you. Oh me! oh me! She thought you'd ha' come like an arrow out of a bow."

"A shock?" said Jack vaguely to himself; and then he let go his hold of Mrs. Swayne's arm. "I can't wait for you," he said; "I can be there quicker than you." And he rushed wildly into the darkness, forsaking her. He was at the gate before the bewildered woman, thus abandoned, could make two steps in advance. As he dashed past old Betty's cottage, he saw inside the lighted window a face he knew, and though he did not recognise who it was, a certain sense of help at hand came over him. Another moment and he was in Mrs. Swayne's cottage, so far recollecting himself as to tread more softly as he rushed up the dark and narrow stair. When he opened the door, Pamela gave but one glance round to greet him. She was alone, as Mrs. Swayne had said. On the bed by which she stood lay a marble figure, dead to all appearance except for its eyes. Those eyes moved in the strangest, most terrible way, looking wildly round and round, now

at the ceiling, now at the window, now at Pamela, imperious and yet agonised. And poor little Pamela, soft girlish creature, stood desperate, trying to read what they said. She had not a word to give to Jack — not even a look, except for one brief moment. "What does she want — what does she want?" she cried. "Oh, mamma! mamma! will you not *try* to speak?"

"Is there no one with you?" said Jack. "Have you sent for the doctor? How long has she been like this? My darling! my poor little darling! Has the doctor seen her yet?"

"I sent for you," said Pamela, piteously. "Oh, what does she want? I think she could speak if she would only try."

"It is the doctor she wants," cried Jack. "That is the first thing;" and he turned and rushed down-stairs still more rapidly than he had come up. The first thing he did was to go across to old Betty's cottage, and send the old woman to Pamela's aid, or at least, if aid was impossible, to remain with her. There he found Powys, who was waiting till the guests went away from Brownlows. Him Jack placed in Mrs. Swayne's parlour, to be ready to lend any assistance that might be wanted, or to call succour from the great house if necessary; and then he himself buttoned his coat and set off on a wild race over hedge and field for the doctor. The nearest doctor was in Dewsbury, a mile and a half away. Jack knew every step of the country, and plunged into the unseen byways and across the ploughed fields; in so short a time that Mrs. Swayne had scarcely reached her own house, he dashed back again in the doctor's gig. Then he went into the dark little parlour to wait and take breath. He was in evening dress, just as he had been dancing; his light varnished boots were heavy with ploughed soil and wet earth, his shirt wet with rain, his whole appearance wild and dishevelled. Powys looked at him with the strange mixture of repugnance and liking that existed between the young men, and drew forward a chair for him before the dying fire.

"Why did not you let me go?" he said. "I was in better trim for it than you."

"You did not know the way," said Jack; "besides, there are things that nobody can do for one." Then he added, after a pause, "Her daughter is going to be my wife."

"Ah!" said Powys, with a sigh, half of sympathy, half of envy. He did not think of Jack's circumstances in any speculative way, but only as comparing them with his own hard and humble fate, who should never have a wife, as he said to himself — to whom it was mere presumption, madness, to think of love at all.

"Yes," said Jack, putting his wet feet to the fire; and then he too gave forth a big sigh from his excited breast, and felt the liking grow stronger than the repugnance, and that he must speak to some one or die.

"It is a pretty mess," he said; "I thought they were very poor, and it turns out she has a right to almost all my father has — trust-money that was left to him if he could not find her;

and he was never able to find her. And, at last, after all was settled between us, she turns up ; and now, I suppose, she's going to die."

"I hope not," said Powys, not knowing what answer to make.

"It's easy to say you hope not," said Jack, "but she will — you'll see she will. I never saw such a woman. And then what am I to do ? — forsake my poor Pamela, who does not know a word of it, because she is an heiress, or marry her and rob my father ? You may think yours is a hard case, but I'd like to know what you would do if you were me ?"

"I should not forsake her anyhow," said Powys, kindling with the thought.

"And neither shall I, by Jove," said Jack, getting up in his vehemence. "What should I care for fathers and mothers, or any fellow in the world ? It's all that cursed money — that's what it always is. It comes in your way and in my way wherever a man turns — not that one can get on without it either," said Jack, suddenly sitting down and leaning over the fire with his face propped up in his two hands.

"Some of us have got to do without it," said Powys, with a short laugh, though he did not see anything amusing in it. "Yet there was a certain bitter drollery in the contrast between his own little salary and the family he had already to support on it, and Jack's difficulties at finding that his Cinderella had turned into a fairy princess. Jack gave a hasty glance at him as if fearing that he himself was being laughed at. But poor Powys had a sigh coming so close after his laugh that it was impossible to suspect him of mockery. Jack sighed too, for company. His heart was opened ; and the chance of talking to anybody was a godsend to him in that moment of suspense.

"Were you to have been with us this evening ?" he said. "Why did not you come ? My father always likes to see you."

"He does not care to see me now," said Powys, with a little bitterness ; "I don't know why. I went up to carry him some papers, against my will. He took me to your house at first against my own judgment. It would have been better for me I had walked over a precipice or been struck down like the poor lady upstairs."

"No," said Jack, pitying, and yet there was a touch of condescension in his voice. "Don't say so — not so bad as that. A man may make a mistake, and yet it need not kill him. There's the doctor — I must hear what he has to say."

The doctor came in looking very grave. He said there were signs of some terrible mental tumult and shock she had received ; that all the symptoms were of the worst kind, and that he had no hope whatever for her life. She might recover her faculties and be able to speak ; but it was almost certain that she must die. This was the verdict pronounced upon Mrs. Preston as the carriage lamps of the departing guests began to gleam down the avenue, and old Betty

rushed across to open the gates, and the horses came prancing out into the road. Pamela caught a momentary glimpse of them as she moved about the room, and it suddenly occurred to her to remember her own childish delight at the sight when she first came. And oh, how many things had happened since then ! And this last of all which she understood least. She was sick with terror and wonder, and her head ached and her heart throbbed. They were her mother's eyes which looked at her so, and yet she was afraid of them. How was she ever to live out the endless night ?

It was a dreadful night for more people than Pamela. Powys went up to the great house very shortly after to carry the news to Mr. Brownlow, who was so much overcome by it that he shivered and trembled and looked for the moment like a feeble old man. He sank down into his chair, and could not speak at first. "God forgive me," he said when he had recovered himself. "I am afraid I had ill thoughts of her — very ill thoughts in my head. Sara, you heard all — was I harsh to her ? It could not be anything I said ?"

"No, papa," said Sara, trembling, and she came to him and drew his head for a moment to her young, tremulous, courageous breast. And Powys stood looking on with a pang in his heart. He did not understand what all this meant, but he knew that she was his and yet could not be his. He dared not go and console her as he had done in his madness when they were alone.

Mr. Brownlow would not go to bed ; he sat and watched, and sent for news through the whole long night. And Powys, who knew only by Jack's short and incoherent story what important issues were involved, served him faithfully as his messenger coming and going. The thoughts that arose in Mr. Brownlow's mind were not to be described. It was not possible that compunction such as that which moved him at first could be his only feeling. As the hours went on, a certain strange mixture of satisfaction and reproach against Providence came into his mind. He said Providence in his mind, being afraid and ashamed to say God. If Providence was about to remove this obstacle out of his way, it would seem but fitting and natural ; but why, then why, when it was to be, not have done it a few days sooner ? Two days sooner ? — that would have made all the difference. Now the evil she had done would not die with her, though it might be lessened. In these unconscious inarticulate thoughts, which came by no will of his, which haunted him indeed against his will, there rose a certain upbraiding against the tardy fate. It was too late. The harm was done. As it was, it seemed natural that his enemy should be taken out of his way, for Providence had ever been very kind to him — but why should it be this one day too late ?

Jack sat down-stairs in Mrs. Swayne's parlour all the night. The fire went out, and he had not the heart to have it lighted : one miserable

candle burnt dully in the chill air. Now and then Powys came in from the darkness without, glowing from his rapid walk; sometimes Mrs. Swayne came creaking down-stairs to tell him there was no change; once or twice he himself stole up to see the same awful sight. Poor Pamela, for her part, sat by the bedside half-stupefied by her vigil. She had not spirit enough left to give one answering look to her lover. Her brain was racking with devices to make out what her mother meant. She kept talking to her, pleading with her, entreating—oh, if she would but try to speak! and ever in desperation making another and another effort to get at her meaning. Jack could not bear the sight. The misery, and darkness, and suspense down-stairs were less dreadful at least than this. Even the doctor, though he knew nothing of what lay below, had been apparently excited by the external aspect of affairs, and came again before daybreak to see if any change were perceptible. It was that hour of all others most chilling and miserable; that hour which every watcher knows, just before dawn, when the darkness seems more intense, the cold more keen, the night more lingering and wretched than at any other moment. Jack in his damp and thin dress walked shivering about the little black parlour, unable to keep still.

She might die and make no sign; and if she did so, was it possible still to ignore all that had happened, and to bestow her just heritage on Pamela only under cover as his wife? This was the question that racked him as he waited and listened; but when the doctor went up just before daybreak a commotion was heard in the room above. Jack stood still for a moment holding his breath, and then he rushed up-stairs. Before he got into the room there arose suddenly a hoarse voice, which was scarcely intelligible. It was Mrs. Preston who was speaking. "What was it? what was it?" she was crying wildly. "What did I tell you, child?" and then, as he opened the door, a great outcry filled the air. "Oh, my God, I've forgotten—I've forgotten!" cried the dying woman. She was sitting up in her bed in a last wild rally of all her powers. Motion and speech had come back to her. She was propping herself up on her two thin arms, thrusting herself forward with a strained and excessive muscular action, such as extreme weakness sometimes is equal to. As she looked round wildly with the same eager impotent look that had wrung the beholders' hearts while she was speechless, her eye fell on Jack, who was standing at the door. She gave a sudden shriek of mingled triumph and entreaty. "You can tell them," she said—"you can tell me—come and tell me—tell me! Pamela, there is one that knows."

"Oh, mamma, I don't want to hear," cried Pamela; "oh, lie down and take what the doctor says; oh, mamma, mamma, if you care for me! Don't sit up and wear out your strength, and break my heart."

"It's for you—it's all for you!" cried the sufferer; and she moved the hands on which she was supporting herself, and threw forward her ghastly head, upon which Death itself seemed to have set its mark. "I've no time to lose—I'm dying, and I've forgotten it all. Oh, my God, to think I should forget! Come here, if you are a man, and tell me what it was!"

Jack stepped forward like a man in a dream. He saw that she might fall and die the next moment; her worn bony arms began to tremble, her head fell forward, her eyes staring at him seem to loosen in their sockets. Perhaps she had but half an hour longer to live. The strength of death was in her no less than its awful weakness. "Tell me," she repeated, in a kind of babble, as if she could not stop. Pamela, who never thought nor questioned what her mother's real meaning was, kept trying, with tears and all her soft force, to lay her down on the pillows; and the doctor, who thought her raving, stood by and looked on with a calm professional eye, attributing all her excitement to the delirium of death. In the midst of this preoccupied group Jack stood forward, held by her eye. An unspeakable struggle was going on in his mind. Nobody believed there was any meaning in her words. Was it he that must give them a meaning, and furnish forth the testimony that was needed against himself? It was but to be silent, that was all, and no one would be the wiser. Mrs. Swayne, too, was in the room, curious but unsuspicious. They all thought it was she who was "wandering," and not that he had anything to tell.

Then once more she raised her voice, which grew harsher and weaker every moment. "I am dying," she cried; "if you will not tell me I will speak to God. I will speak to Him—about it—He—will send word—somehow. Oh my God, tell me—tell me—what was it?—before I die."

Then they all looked at him, not with any real suspicion, but wondering. Jack was as pale almost as the dying creature who thus appealed to him. "I will tell you," he said, in a broken voice. "It was about money. I can't speak about legacies and interest here. I will speak of it—when—you are better. I will see—that she has her rights."

"Money!" cried Mrs. Preston, catching at the word—"money—my mother's money—that is what it was. A fortune, Pamela! and you'll have friends—plenty of friends when I'm gone. Pamela, Pamela, it's all for you."

Then she fell back rigid, not yielding, but conquered; for a moment it seemed as if some dreadful fit was coming on; but presently she relapsed into the state in which she had been before—dumb, rigid, motionless, with a frame of ice, and two eyes of fire. Jack staggered out of the room, broken and worn out; the very doctor, when he followed, begged for wine, and swallowed it eagerly. It was more than even his professional nerves could bear.

"She ought to have died then," he said ; "by all sort of rules she ought to have died ; but I don't see much difference in her state now ; she might go on like that for days — no one can say."

Jack was not able to make any answer ; he was worn out as if with hard work ; his forehead was damp with exhaustion ; he too gulped down some of the wine Mrs. Swayne brought them, but he had no strength to make any reply.

"Mr. Brownlow, let me advise you to go home," said the doctor ; "no one can do any good here. You must make the young lady lie down, Mrs. Swayne. There will be no immediate change, and there is nothing to be done but to watch her. If she should recover consciousness again, don't cross her in anything ; give her the drops if possible, and watch — that's all that can be done. I shall come back in the course of the day."

And in the grey dawning Jack too went home. He was changed ; conflict and doubt had gone out of him. In their place a sombre cloud seemed to have taken him up. It was justice, remorseless and uncompromising, that thus overshadowed him. Expediency was not to be his guide, — not though it should be a thousand times better, wiser, more desirable, than any other course of action. It was not what was best that had now to be considered, but only what was right. It never occurred to him that any further struggle could be made. He felt himself no longer Pamela's betrothed lover, whose natural place was to defend and protect her, but her legal guardian and adviser, bound to consider her interests and make the best of everything ; the champion, not of herself, but of her fortune — that fortune which seemed to step between and separate them for ever. When he was half-way up the avenue it occurred to him that he had forgotten Powys, and he went back again to look for him. He had grown as a brother to him during this long night. Powys, however, was gone. Before Jack left the house he had set off for Masterton with the instinct of a man who has his daily work to do, and cannot indulge in late hours. Poor fellow ! Jack thought in his heart. It was hard upon him to be sacrificed to Mr. Brownlow's freak and Sara's vanity. But though he was himself likely to be a fellow-sufferer, it did not occur to Jack to intercede for Powys, or even to imagine that now he need not be sacrificed. Such an idea never entered into his head. Everything was quiet in Brownlows when he went home. Mr. Brownlow had been persuaded to go to his room, and except the weary and reproachful servant who admitted Jack, there was nobody to be seen. He went up to his own room in the cold early daylight, passing by the doors of his visitors with a certain bitterness, and at the same time contempt. He was scornful of them for their ignorance, for their indifference, for their faculty of being amused and seeing no deeper. A parcel of fools ! he said to himself ; and yet he

knew very well they were not fools, and was more thankful than he could express that their thoughts were directed to other matters, and that they were as yet unsuspicuous of the real state of affairs. Everybody was quite unsuspicuous, even the people who surrounded Pamela. They saw something was amiss, but they had no idea what it was. Only himself, in short, knew to its full extent the trouble which had overwhelmed him. Only he knew that it was his hard fate to be his father's adversary, and the legal adviser of his betrothed bride ; separated from the one by his opposition, from the other by his guardianship. He would win the money away from his own flesh and blood, and he would lose them in doing so ; he would win it for his love, and in the act he would lose Pamela. Neither son nor lover henceforward, neither happy and prosperous in taking his own will, nor beloved and cherished in standing by those who belonged to him. He would establish Pamela's rights, and secure her in her fortune, but never could he share that fortune. It was an inexorable fate which had overtaken him. Just as Brutus, but with no praise for being just ; this was to be his destiny. Jack flung himself listlessly on his bed, and turned his face from the light. It was a cruel fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SIR CHARLES MOTHER WELL.

The guests at Brownlows next morning got up with minds a little relieved. Notwithstanding the evident excitement of the family, things had passed over quietly enough, and nothing had happened, and indifferent spectators easily accustom themselves to any atmosphere, and forget the peculiarities in it. There might still be a smell of brimstone in the air, but their organs were habituated, and failed to perceive it. After breakfast Sir Charles Motherwell had a little talk with Mr. Brownlow, as he smoked his morning cigar in the avenue ; but nobody, except perhaps his mother, who was alive to his movements, took any notice of what he was doing. Once more the men in the house were left to themselves ; but it did not strike them so oddly as on the day before. And Sara, for her part, was easier in her mind. She could not help it. It might be wicked even, but she could not help it. She was sorry Mrs. Preston should die ; but since Providence had so willed it, no doubt it was the best for everybody. This instinctive argument came to Sara as to all the rest. Nobody was doing it. It was Providence, and it was for the best. And Jack would marry Pamela, and Sara would go with her father to Masterton, and, but for the shock of Mrs. Preston's death, which would wear off in the course of nature, all would go merry as a marriage bell. This was how she had planned it all out to herself ; and she saw no difficulty in it. Accordingly, she had very much recovered her spirits.

Of course, the house at Masterton would not be so pleasant as Brownlows; at least — in some things it might not be so pleasant — but — And so, though she might be a little impatient, and a little preoccupied, things were decidedly brighter with Sara that morning. She was in the dining-room as usual, giving the housekeeper the benefit of her views about dinner, when Sir Charles came in. He saw her, and he lingered in the hall waiting for her, and her vengeful project of the previous night occurred to Sara. If she was to be persecuted any more about him, she would let him propose; charitably, feelingly, she had staved off that last ceremony; but now, if she was to be threatened with him — if he was to be thrown in her face — And he looked very sheepish and awkward as he stood in the hall, pulling at the black mustache which was so like a respirator. She saw him, and she prolonged his suspense, poor fellow. She bethought herself of a great many things she had to say to the housekeeper. And he stood outside, like a faithful dog, and waited. When she saw that he would not go away, Sara gave in to necessity. "Lady Motherwell is in the morning-room, and all the rest," she said, as she joined him; and then turned to lead the way upstairs.

"I don't want to see my mother," he said, with slight shudder, she thought; and then he made a very bold effort. "Fine morning," said Sir Charles; "aw — would you mind taking a little walk?"

"Taking a walk?" said Sara, in amaze.

"Aw — yes — or — I'd like to speak to you for ten minutes," said Sir Charles, with growing embarrassment; "fact is, Miss Brownlow, I don't want to see my mother."

"That is very odd," said Sara, tempted to laughter; "but still you might walk by yourself, without seeing Lady Motherwell. There would not be much protection in having me."

"It was not for — protection, nor — nor that sort of thing," stammered Sir Charles, growing very red — "fact is, Miss Brownlow, it was something I had to say — to you —"

"Oh!" said Sara: she saw it was coming now; and, fortified by her resolution, she made no further effort to smother it. This, at least, she could do, and nobody had any right to interfere with her. She might be in her very last days of sovereignty; a few hours might see her fallen — fallen from her high estate; but, at least, she could refuse Charley Motherwell. That was a right of which neither cruel father nor adverse fortune could deprive her. She made no further resistance, or attempt to get away. "If it is only to speak to me, we can talk in the library," she said; "it is too early to go out." And so saying, she led the way into Mr. Brownlow's room. Notwithstanding the strange scenes she had seen in it, it did not chill Sara in her present mood. But it evidently had a solemnising effect on Sir Charles. She walked across to the fire, which was burning cheerfully, and placed herself in one of the

big chairs which stood by, arranging her pretty skirts within its heavy arms, which was a troublesome operation; and then she pointed graciously to the other. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me what it is about."

It was not an encouraging opening for a bashful lover. It was not like this that she had received Powys's sudden wild declarations, his outbursts of passionate presumption. She had been timid enough then, and had faltered and failed to herself, somewhat as poor Sir Charles was doing. He did not accept her kind invitation to seat himself, but stood before her in front of the fire, and looked more awkward than ever. Poor fellow, he had a great deal on his mind.

"Miss Brownlow," he burst out, all at once, after he had fidgeted about for five minutes, pulling his mustache and looking at her, "I am a bad fellow to talk. I never know what to say. I've got into heaps of scrapes from people mistaking what I mean."

"Indeed, I am sure I am very sorry," said Sara; "but I think I always understand what you mean."

"Yes," he said, with relief, "aw — I've observed that. You're one that does, and my mother's one; but never mind my mother just now," he went on precipitately. "For instance, when a fellow wants to ask a girl to marry him, everything has to be understood — a mistake about that would be awful — would be dreadful — I mean, you know, it wouldn't do."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Sara, looking at him with terrible composure, and without even the ghost of a smile.

"Yes," said Sir Charles, revolving on his own axis, "it might be a horrid mess. That's why I wanted to see you, to set out with, before I spoke to my mother. My mother's a little old-fashioned. I've just been talking to Mr. Brownlow. I can make my — aw — any girl very comfortable. It's not a bad old place; and as for settlements and that sort of thing —"

"I should be very glad to give you my advice, I am sure," said Sara, demurely; "but I should like first to know who the lady is."

"The lady!" cried Sir Charles — "aw — upon my word, it's too bad. That's why I said everything must be very plain. Miss Brownlow, there's not a girl in the world but yourself — not one! — aw — you know what I mean. I'd go down on my knees, or anything; only you'd laugh, I know, and I'd lose my head." All this he said with immense rapidity, moving up and down before her. Then he suddenly came to a standstill, and looked into her face. "I know I can't talk," he said; "but, you know, of course, it's you. What would be the good of coming like this, and — and making a fool of myself, if it wasn't you?"

"But it can't be me, Sir Charles," said Sara, growing, in spite of herself, out of sympathy, a little agitated, and forgetting the humour of the

situation. "It can't be me—don't say any more. If you only knew what has been happening to us!"

"I know," cried Sir Charles, coming a step closer; "that's why—though I don't mean that's why from the commencement, for I only heard this morning; and that's why I don't want to see my mother. You need not think it matters to me—I've got plenty, and we could have your father to live with us, if you like."

Sara stood up with the intention of making him a stately and serious answer, but as she looked at his eager face, bent forward and gazing down at her, a sudden change came over her feelings. She had been laughing at him a moment before; now all at once, without any apparent provocation, she burst into tears. Sir Charles was very much dismayed. It did not occur to him to take advantage of her weeping, as Powys had done. He stared, and he drew a step farther back, and fell into a state of consternation. "I've said something I ought not to have said," he exclaimed; "I know I'm a wretched fellow to talk; but then I thought you would understand."

"I do understand," cried Sara, in her impulsive way; "and papa was quite right, and I am a horrid wretch, and you are the best man in the world!"

"Not so much as that," said Sir Charles, with a smile of satisfaction, which showed all his teeth under his black mustache; "but as long as you are pleased—Don't cry. We'll settle it all between us, and make him comfortable; and as for you and me!"

He made a step forward, beaming with content as he spoke, and poor Sara, drying her eyes hastily, and waking up to the urgency of the situation, retreated as he advanced.

"But, Sir Charles," she cried, clasping her hands—"Oh! what a wretch I am to take you in and vex you. Stop! I did not mean that. I mean—oh! I could kill myself—I think you are the best and kindest and truest man in the world, but it can never be me!"

Sir Charles stopped short. That air of flattened vanity and imbecile self-satisfaction with which most men receive the idea of being loved, suddenly yielded in his face to intense surprise. "Why? how? what? I don't understand," he stammered; and stood amazed, utterly at a loss to know what she could mean.

"It can never be me!" cried Sara. "I am not much good. I don't deserve to be cared for. You will find somebody else a great deal nicer. There are girls in the house even—there is Fanny. Don't be angry. I don't think there is anything particular in me."

"But it is only you I fancy," cried Sir Charles, deluded, poor man, by this humility, and once more lighting up with complaisance and self-satisfaction. "Fact is, we could be very comfortable together. I don't know about any other girls. You're nice enough for me."

Then Sara sank once more into the chair where a few minutes before she had established

herself with such state and dignity. "Don't say any more," she cried again, clasping her hands. "Don't! I shall like you, and be grateful to you, all my life; but it can never be me!"

If Sara had been so foolish as to imagine that her unimpassioned suitor would be easily got rid of, she now found out her error. He stared at her, and he took a little walk around the table, and then he came back again. The facts of the case had not penetrated his mind. Her delicate intimations had no effect upon him. "If you like me," he said, "that's enough—fact is, I don't see how any girl could be nicer. They say all girls talk like this at first. You and I might be very comfortable; and as for my mother—you know if you wanted to have the house to yourself!"

"Would you be so wicked as to go and turn out your mother?" cried Sara, suddenly flashing into indignation, "and for a girl you know next to nothing about! Sir Charles, I never should have expected this of you."

Poor Sir Charles fell back utterly disconcerted. "It was all to make you comfortable," he said. "Of course I'd like my mother to stay. It was all for you."

"And I told you it could never be me," cried Sara—"never! I am going to Masterton with papa to take care of him. It is he who wants me most. And then I must say goodbye to everybody; I shall only be the attorney's daughter at Masterton; we shall be quite different; but, Sir Charles, I shall always like you and wish you well. You have been so very good and kind to me."

Then Sara waved her hand to him and went towards the door. As for Sir Charles, he was too much bewildered to speak for the first moment. He stood and stared and let her pass him. It had never entered into his mind that this interview was to come to so abrupt an end. But before she left the room he had made a long step after her. "We could take care of him at Motherwell," he said, "just as well. Miss Brownlow, look here. It don't make any difference to me. If you had not a penny, you are just the same as you always were. If you like me, that is enough for me."

"But I don't like you!" said Sara, in desperation, turning round upon him, with her eyes flashing fiercely, her mouth quivering pathetically, her tears falling fast. "I mean I like somebody else better. Don't, please, say any more—thanks for being so good and kind to me; and good-bye—good-bye!"

Then she seized his hand like the vehement creature she was, and clasped it close in her soft hands, and turned and fled. That was the only word for it. She fled, never pausing to look back. And Sir Charles, utterly bewildered and disconcerted, stayed behind. The first thing he did was to walk back to the fire, the natural attraction of a man in trouble. Then he caught a glimpse of his own discomfited countenance in the glass. "By George!" he said to himself, and turned his back upon the rueful visage. It was the wildest oath he ever per-

mitted himself, poor fellow, and he showed the most overwhelming perturbation. He stood there a long time, thinking it over. He was not a man of very fine feelings, and yet he felt very much cast down. Though his imagination was not brilliant, it served to recall her to him with all her charms. And his honest heart ached. "What do I care for other girls?" he said to himself. "What good is Fanny to me?" He stood half the morning on the hearth-rug, sometimes turning round to look at his own dejected countenance in the glass, and sometimes to poke the fire. He had no heart to put himself within reach of his mother, or to look at the other girls. When the bell rang for luncheon he rushed out into the damp woods. Such a thing had never happened in his respectable life before: and this was the end of Sir Charles Motherwell's little romance.

Sara, though she did not regret Sir Charles, was more agitated than she could have supposed possible when she left the library; there are young ladies, no doubt, who are hardened to it; but an ordinary mortal feels a little sympathetic trouble in most cases, when she has had to decide (so far) upon another creature's fate. And though he was not bright, he had behaved very well; and then her own affairs were in such utter confusion. She could not even look her future in the face, and say she had any prospects. If she were to live a hundred years, how could she ever marry her father's clerk? and how could he so much as dream of marrying her — he who had nothing, and a family to maintain? Poor Sara went to her own room, and had a good cry over Sir Charles in the first (but least) place, and herself in the second. What was to become of her? To be the attorney's daughter in Masterton was not the brightest of fates — and beyond that — She cried, and she did not get any satisfaction from the thought of having refused Sir Charles. It was very, very good and nice of him — and oh, if it had only been Fanny on whom he had set his fancy! Her eyes were still red when she went down-stairs, and it surprised her much to see her father leaving the morning-room as she approached. Lady Motherwell was there with a very excited and pale face, and one or two other ladies with a look of consternation about them. One who was leaving the room stopped as she did so, took Sara in her arms, though it was quite uncalled for, and gave her a hasty kiss. "My poor dear!" said this kind woman. As for Lady Motherwell, she was in quite a different state of mind.

"Where is Charley?" she cried. "Miss Brownlow, I wish you would tell me where my son is. It is very strange. He is a young man who never cares to be long away from his mother; but since we have been in this house, he has forsaken me."

"I saw him in the library," said Sara. "I think he is there now. I will go and call him, if you like." This she said because she was

angry; and without any intention of doing what she said.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," said the old lady, who, up to this moment, had been so sweet to Sara, and called her by every caressing name. "I will ring and send a servant, if you will permit me. We have just been hearing some news that my dear boy ought to know."

"If it is something papa has been telling you, I think Sir Charles knows already," said Sara. Lady Motherwell gave her head an angry toss, and rang the bell violently. She took no further notice of the girl whom she had professed to be so fond of. "Inquire if Sir Charles Motherwell is below," she said "Tell him I have ordered my carriage, and that his man is putting up his things. We are going in half an hour."

It was at this moment the luncheon-bell rang, and Sir Charles plunged wildly out into the woods. Perhaps the sound of the bell mollified Lady Motherwell. She was an old lady who liked luncheon. Probably it occurred to her that to have some refreshment before she left would do nobody any harm. Her son could not make any proposals at table under her very eyes; or perhaps a touch of human feeling came over her. "I meant to say we are going directly after luncheon," she said, turning to Sara. "You will be very glad to get rid of us all, if Mr. Brownlow really meads what he says."

"Oh, yes, he means it," said Sara, with a little smile of bitterness; "but it is always best to have luncheon first. I think you will find your son down-stairs."

"You seem to know," said Lady Motherwell; "perhaps that is why we have had so little of your company this morning. The society of young men is pleasanter than that of old ladies like me."

"The society of *some* young men is pleasant enough," said Sara, unable to suppress the retort; and she stood aside and let her guest pass, sweeping in her long silken robes. Lady Motherwell headed the procession; and of the ladies who followed, two or three made little consoling speeches to Sara as they clustered after her. "It will not turn out half so bad as your papa supposes," said one. "I don't see that he had any need to tell. We have all had our losses — but we don't go and publish them to all the world."

"And if it should be as bad, never mind, Sara," said another. "We shall all be as fond of you as ever. You must not think it hard-hearted if we go away."

"Oh, Sara dear, I shall be so sorry to leave you; but he would not have told us," said a third, "if he had not wanted us to go away."

"I don't know what you all mean," said Sara. "I think you want to make me lose my senses. Is it papa that wants you to go away?"

"He told us he had lost a great deal of mon-

and perhaps he might be ruined," said the last of all, twining her arm in Sara's. "You must come to us, dear, if there is any breaking-up. But perhaps it may not be as bad as he says."

"Perhaps not," said Sara, holding up her head proudly. It was the only answer she made. She swept past them all to her place at the head of the table, with a grandeur that was quite unusual, and looked round upon her guests like a young queen. "Papa," she said, at the top of her sweet young voice, addressing him at the other end of the table, "when you have unpleasant news to tell, you should not tell it before luncheon. I hope it will not hurt anybody's appetite." This was all the notice she took of the embarrassing information that had thrown such a cloud of confusion over the guests. Mr. Brownlow, too, had recovered his calm. He had meant only to tell Lady Motherwell, knowing at the moment that her son was pleading his suit with Sara down-stairs. He had told Sir Charles, and the news had but made him more eager; and, with a certain subtle instinct that came of his profession, Mr. Brownlow, that nobody might be able to blame him, went and told the mother too. It was Lady Motherwell's amazed and indignant exclamations that spread the news. And now both he and the old lady were equally on tenterhooks of expectation. They wanted to know what had come of it. Sara, for anything they knew, might be Sir Charley's brothed at this moment. Mr. Brownlow, with a kind of hope, tried to read what was in his child's face, and Lady Motherwell looked at her with a kind of de-spair. Sara, roused to her full strength, smiled and baffled them both.

"Sir Charles is in the library," she said.

"Call him, Willis; he might be too much engaged — he might not hear the bell."

But at this moment another bell was heard, which struck strangely upon the excited nerves of the company. It was the bell at the door, which, as that door was always open, and there was continually some servant or other in the hall, was never rung. On this occasion it was pulled wildly, as by some one in overwhelming haste. The dining-room door was open at the moment, and the conversation at table was so hushed and uncomfortable, that the voice outside was clearly audible. It was something about "Miss Sara," and "to come directly." They all heard it, their attention being generally aroused. Then came a rush which made every one start and turn round.

It was Mrs. Swayne, with her bonnet thrust over her eyes, red and breathless with running. "She's a-dying — she's a-dying," said the intruder. "And I'm ready to drop. And, Miss Sara, she's a-calling for you."

Sara rose up, feeling her self-command put to the utmost test. But before she could even ask a question, Jack, who had been sitting very silently at the middle of the table, started up and rushed to the door. Mrs. Swayne put him back with her hand. "It's Miss Sarn," she said — "Miss Sara — Miss Sara — that's who she's a-calling of. Keep out of her sight, and don't aggravate her. Miss Sara, it's you."

And then the room seemed to reel round poor Sara, who had come to the end of her powers. She knew no more about it until she felt the fresh air blowing in her face, as she was half led, half carried, down the avenue. What she was to do, or what was expected from her, she knew not. The fate of the house and of all belonging to it had come into her innocent hands.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.

Here, it is here — the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.

My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine;
I hear the roll of ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger,
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last but a moment longer.

O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I — isn't that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so — so be it.

O, Summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies;
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,
I hate the spites and the follies.

— *Once a Week.*

LINDA TRESSEL. — PART IV.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL September went by, and all October, and life in the red house in the island in Nuremberg was a very sad life indeed. During this time Linda Tressel never spoke to Ludovic Valcarm, nor of him; but she saw him once, standing among the beer-casks opposite to the warehouse. Had she not so seen him, she would have thought that he had vanished altogether out of the city, and that he was to be no more heard of or seen among them. He was such a man, and belonged to such a set, that his vanishing in this fashion would have been a thing to create no surprise. He might have joined his father, and they two might be together in any quarter of the globe, — on any spot, — the more distant, the more probable. It was one of Linda's troubles that she knew really nothing of the life of the man she loved. She had always heard things evil spoken of him, but such evil-speaking had come from those who were his enemies, — from his cousin, who had been angry because Ludovic had not remained with him on the stool in the town-hall; and from Madame Staubach, who thought ill of almost all young men, and who had been specially prejudiced against this young man by Peter Steinmarc. Linda did not know what she should believe. She had heard that the Brothers Sach were respectable tradesmen, and it was in Valcarm's favour that he was employed by them. She had thought that he had left them; but now, seeing him again among the barrels, she had reason to presume that his life could not be altogether unworthy of him. He was working for his bread, and what more could be required from a young man than that? Nevertheless, when she saw him, she sedulously kept herself from his sight, and went, almost at once, back to the kitchen, from whence there was no view on to the Ruden Platz.

During these weeks life was very sad in this house. Madame Staubach said but little to her niece of her past iniquity in the matter of Ludovic's visit, and not much of Peter's suit; but she so bore herself that every glance of her eye, every tone of her voice, every nod of her head, was a separate rebuke. She hardly ever left Linda alone, requiring her company when she went out to make her little purchases in the market, and always on those more momentous and prolonged occasions when she attended some public prayer-meeting. Linda resolved to obey in such matters, and she did obey. She went hith-

er and thither by her aunt's side, and at home sat with her aunt, always with a needle in her hand, — never leaving the room, except when Peter Steinmarc entered it. This he did, perhaps, on every other evening; and when he did so, Linda always arose and went up to her own chamber, speaking no word to the man as she passed him. When her aunt had rebuked her for this, laying upon her a command that she should remain when Steinmarc appeared, she protested that in that matter obedience was impossible to her. In all other things she would do as she was bidden; nothing, she said, but force, should induce her to stay for five minutes in the same room with Peter Steinmarc. Peter, who was of course aware of all this, would look at her when he passed her, or met her on the stairs, or in the passages, as though she were something too vile for him to touch. Madame Staubach, as she saw this, would groan aloud, and then Peter would groan. Latterly, too, Tetchen had taken to groaning; so that life in that house had become very sad. But Linda paid back Peter's scorn with interest. Her lips would curl, and her nostrils would be dilated, and her eyes would flash fire on him as she passed him. He also prayed a little in these days that Linda might be given into his hands. If ever she should be so given, he should teach her what it was to scorn the offer of an honest man.

For a month or six weeks Linda Tressel bore all this with patience; but when October was half gone, her patience was almost at an end. Such a life, if prolonged much further, would make her mad. The absence of all smiles from the faces of those with whom she lived, was terrible to her. She was surrounded by a solemnity as of the grave, and came to doubt almost whether she were a living creature. If she were to be scorned always, to be treated ever as one unfit for the pleasant intercourse of life, it might be as well that she should deserve such treatment. It was possible that by deserving it she might avoid it! At first, during these solemn wearisome weeks, she would tell herself that because her aunt had condemned her, not therefore need she feel assured that she was condemned of her heavenly Father. She was not a castaway because her aunt had so called her. But gradually there came upon her a feeling, springing from her imagination rather than from her judgment, that she was a thing set apart as vile and bad. There grew upon her a conviction that she was one of the non-elect, or rather, one of those who are elected to an eternity of misery. Her reli-

gious observances, as they came to her now, were odious to her; and that she supposed to be a certain sign that the devil had fought for her soul and had conquered. It could not be that she should be so terribly wretched if she were not also very wicked. She would tremble now at every sound; and though she still curled her lips, and poured scorn upon Peter from her eyes, as she moved away at his approach, she was almost so far beaten as to be desirous to succumb. She must either succumb to her aunt and to him, or else she must fly. How was she to live without a word of sympathy from any human being?

She had been careful to say little or nothing to Tetchen, having some indistinct idea that Tetchen was a double traitor. That Tetchen had on one occasion been in league with Ludovic, she was sure; but she thought that since that the woman had been in league with Peter also. The league with Ludovic had been very wicked, but that might be forgiven. A league with Peter was a sin to be forgiven never; and therefore Linda had resolutely declined of late to hold any converse with Tetchen other than that which the affairs of the house demanded. When Tetchen, who in this matter was most unjustly treated, would make little attempts to regain the confidence of her young mistress, her efforts were met with a repellent silence. And thus there was no one in the house to whom Linda could speak. This at last became so dreadful to her, the desolation of her position was so complete, that she had learned to regret her sternness to Tetchen. As far as she could now see, there was no alliance between Tetchen and Peter; and it might be the case, she thought, that her suspicions had been unjust to the old woman.

One evening, about the beginning of November, when it had already become dark at that hour in which Peter would present himself in Madame Staubach's parlour, he had entered the room, as was usual with him; and, as usual, Linda had at once left it. Peter, as he passed her, had looked at her with more than his usual anger, with an aggravated bitterness of condemnation in his eyes. She had been weeping in silence before he had appeared, and she had no power left to throw back her scorn at him. Still weeping, she went up into her room, and throwing herself on her bed, began, in her misery, to cry aloud for mercy. Some end must be brought to this, or the burden on her shoulders would be heavier than she could bear. She had gone to the window for a moment as she entered the chamber,

and had thrown one glance in despair over towards the Ruden Platz. But the night was dark, and full of rain, and had he been there she could not have seen him. There was no one to befriend her. Then she threw herself on the bed and wept aloud.

She was still lying there when there came a very low tap at the door. She started up and listened. She had heard no footfall on the stairs, and it was, she thought, impossible that any one should have come up without her hearing the steps. Peter Steinmarc creaked whenever he went along the passages, and neither did her aunt or Tetchen tread with feet as light as that. She sat up, and then the knock was repeated,—very low and very clear. She still paused a moment, resolving that nothing should frighten her,—nothing should startle her. No change that could come to her would, she thought, be a change for the worse. She hastened up from off the bed, and stood upon the floor. Then she gave the answer that is usual to such a summons. "Come in," she said. She spoke low, but with clear voice, so that her word might certainly be heard, but not be heard afar. She stood about ten feet from the door, and when she heard the lock turned, her heart was beating violently.

The lock was turned, and the door was ajar, but it was not opened. "Linda," said a soft voice — "Linda, will you speak to me?" Heavens and earth! It was Ludovic,—Ludovic in her aunt's house,—Ludovic at her chamber door,—Ludovic there, within the very penetralia of their abode, while her aunt and Peter Steinmarc were sitting in the chamber below! But she had resolved that in no event would she be startled. In making that resolve, had she not almost hoped that this would be the voice that should greet her?

She could not now again say, "Come in," and the man who had had the audacity to advance so far, was not bold enough to advance farther, though invited. She stepped quickly to the door, and, placing her hand upon the lock, knew not whether to close it against the intruder or to confront the man. "There can be but a moment, Linda; will you not speak to me?" said her lover.

What could her aunt do to her?—what Peter Steinmarc?—what could the world do, worse than had been done already? They had told her that she was a castaway, and she had half believed it. In the moments of her deepest misery she had believed it. If that were so, how could she fall lower? Would it not be sweet to her to hear one word of kindness in her troubles,

to catch one note that should not be laden with rebuke? She opened the door, and stood before him in the gloom of the passage.

"Linda,—dear, dearest Linda;"—and before she knew that he was so near her, he had caught her hand.

"Hush! they are below;—they will hear you."

"No; I could be up among the rafters before any one could be on the first landing; and no one should hear a motion." Linda, in her surprise, looked up through the darkness, as though she could see the passage of which he spoke in the narrowing stair amidst the roof. What a terrible man was this, who had come to her bedroom door, and could thus talk of escaping amidst the rafters!

"Why are you here?" she whispered.

"Because I love you better than the light of heaven. Because I would go through fire and water to be near you. Linda, dearest Linda, is it not true that you are in sorrow?"

"Indeed yes," she said, shaking her head, while she still left her hand in his.

"And shall I not find an escape for you?"

"No, no; that is impossible."

"I will try at least," said he.

"You can do nothing for me,—nothing."

"You love me, Linda? Say that you love me." She remained silent, but her hand was still within his grasp. She could not lie to him, and say that she loved him not. "Linda, you are all the world to me. The sweetest music that I could hear would be one word to say that I am dear to you." She said not a word, but he knew now that she loved him. He knew it well. It is the instinct of the lover to know that his mistress has given him her heart heartily, when she does not deny the gift with more than sternness,—with cold cruelty. Yes; he knew her secret now; and pulling her close to him by her hand, by her arm, he wound his own arm round her waist tightly, and pressed his face close to hers. "Linda, Linda,—my own, my own!—O God! how happy I am!" She suffered it all, but spoke not a word. His hot kisses were rained upon her lips, but she gave him never a kiss in return. He pressed her with all the muscles of his body, and she simply bore the pressure, uncomplaining, uncompromising, hardly thinking, half conscious, almost swooning, hysterical, with blood rushing wildly to her heart, lost in an agony of mingled fear and love. "Oh, Linda!—oh, my own one!" But the kisses were still raining on

her lips, and cheek, and brow. Had she heard her aunt's footsteps on the stairs, had she heard the creaking shoes of Peter Steinmarc himself, she could hardly have moved to save herself from their wrath. The pressure of her lover's arms was very sweet to her, but still, through it all, there was a consciousness that, in her very knowledge of that sweetness, the devil was claiming his own. Now, in very truth, was she a castaway. "My love, my life!" said Ludovic, "there are but a few moments for us. What can I do to comfort you?" She was still in his arms, pressed closely to his bosom, not trusting at all to the support of her own legs. She made one little struggle to free herself, but it was in vain. She opened her lips to speak, but there came no sound from them. Then there came again upon her that storm of kisses, and she was bound round by his arm, as though she were never again to be loosened. The waters that fell upon her were sweeter than the rains of heaven; but she knew, —there was still enough of life in her to enable her to remember,—that they were foul with the sulphur and the brimstone of the pit of hell.

"Linda," he said, "I am leaving Nuremberg; will you go with me?" Go with him! whither was she to go? How was she to go? And this going that he spoke of? Was it not thus usually with castaways? If it were true that she was in very fact already a castaway, why should she not go with him? And yet she was half sure that any such going on her part was a thing quite out of the question. As an actor will say of himself when he declines some proffered character, she could not see herself in that part. Though she could tell herself that she was a castaway, a very child of the devil, because she could thus stand and listen to her lover at her chamber door, yet could she not think of the sin that would really make her so without an abhorrence which made that sin frightful to her. She was not allure, hardly tempted, by the young man's offer as he made it. And yet, what else was there for her to do? And if it were true that she was a castaway, why should she struggle to be better than others who were of the same colour with herself? "Linda, say, will you be my wife?"

His wife! Oh, yes, she would be his wife,—if it were possible. Even now, in the moment of her agony, there came to her a vague idea that she might do him some service if she were his wife, because she had property of her own. She was ready to acknowledge to herself that her duty to him was stronger than her duty to that woman

below who had been so cruel to her. She would be his wife, if it were possible, even though he should drag her through the mud of poverty and through the gutters of tribulation. Could she walk down to her aunt's presence this moment his real wife, she would do so, and bear all that could be said to her. Could this be so, that storm which had been bitter with brimstone from the lowest pit, would at once become sweet with the air of heaven. But how could this be? She knew that it could not be. Marriage was a thing difficult to be done, hedged in with all manner of impediments, hardly to be reached at all by such a one as her, unless it might be such a marriage as that proposed to her with Peter Steinmarc. For girls with sweet, loving parents, for the Fanny Heisses of the world, marriage might be made easy. It was all very well for Ludovic Valarm to ask her to be his wife; but in asking her he must have known that she could not if she would; and yet the sound of the word was sweet to her. If it might be so, even yet she would not be a castaway.

But she did not answer his question. Struggling hard to speak, she muttered some prayer to him that he would leave her. "Say that you love me," demanded Ludovic. The demand was only whispered, but the words came hot into her ears.

"I do love you," she replied.

"Then you will go with me."

"No, no! It is impossible."

"They will make you take that man for your husband."

"They shall never do that;—never,—never." In making this assertion, Linda found strength to extricate herself from her lover's arms and to stand alone.

"And how shall I come to you again?" said Ludovic.

"You must not come again. You should not have come now. I would not have been here had I thought it possible you would have come."

"But, Linda" — and then he went on to show to her how very unsatisfactory a courtship theirs would be, if, now that they were together, nothing could be arranged as to their future meeting. It soon became clear to Linda that Ludovic knew everything that was going on in the house, and had learned it all from Tetchen. Tetchen at this moment was quite aware of his presence up-stairs, and was prepared to cough aloud, standing at the kitchen door, if any sign were made that either Steinmarc or Madame Staubach were about to leave the parlor. Though it had seemed to Linda that

her lover had come to her through the darkness, aided by the powers thereof, the assistance which had really brought him there was simply that of the old cook down-stairs. It certainly was on the cards that Tetchen might help him again after the same fashion, but Ludovic felt that such help would be of little avail unless Linda, now that she had acknowledged her love, would do something to help also. With Ludovic Valarm it was quite a proper course of things that he should jump out of a boat, or disappear into the roof among the rafters, or escape across the tiles and down the spouts in the darkness, as preliminary steps in a love affair. But in this special love affair such movements could only be preliminary; and therefore, as he was now standing face to face with Linda, and as there certainly had been difficulties in achieving this position, he was anxious to make some positive use of it. And then, as he explained to Linda in very few words, he was about to leave Nuremberg, and go to Munich. She did not quite understand whether he was always to remain in Munich; nor did she think of inquiring how he was to earn his bread there. But it was his scheme, that she should go with him and that there they should be married. If she would meet him at the railway station in time for the early train, they certainly could reach Munich without impediment. Linda would find no difficulty in leaving the house. Tetchen would take care that even the door should be open for her.

Linda listened to it all, and by degrees the impossibility of her assenting to such iniquity became less palpable. And though the wickedness of the scheme was still manifest to her, though she felt that, were she to assent to it, she would, in doing so, give herself up finally, body and soul, to the Evil One, yet was she not angry with Ludovic for proposing it. Nay, loving him well enough before, she loved him the better as he pressed her to go with him. But she would not go. She had nothing to say but, No, no, no. It was impossible. She was conscious after a certain fashion that her legs would refuse to carry her to the railway station on such an errand, that her physical strength would have failed her, and that were she to make ever so binding a promise, when the morning came she would not be there. He had again taken her hand, and was using all his eloquence, still speaking in low whispers, when there was heard a cough,—not loud, but very distinct,—Tetchen's cough as she stood at the kitchen door. Ludovic Valarm, though the necessity for movement

was so close upon him, would not leave Linda's hand till he had again pressed a kiss upon her mouth. Now, at last, in this perilous moment, there was some slightest movement on Linda's lips, which he flattered himself he might take as a response. Then, in a moment, he was gone and her door was shut, and he was escaping, after his own fashion, into the darkness,—she knew not whither and she knew not how, except that there was a bitter flavour of brimstone about it all.

She seated herself at the foot of the bed lost in amazement. She must first think,—she was bound first to think, of his safety; and yet what in the way of punishment could they do to him comparable to the torments which they could inflict upon her? She listened, and she soon heard Peter Steinmarc creaking in the room below. Tetchen had coughed because Peter was as usual going to his room, but had Ludovic remained at her door no one would have been a bit the wiser. No doubt Ludovic, up among the rafters, was thinking the same thing; but there must be no renewal of their intercourse that night, and therefore Linda bolted her door. As she did so, she swore to herself that she would not unbolt it again that evening at Ludovic's request. No such encroaching request was made to her. She sat for nearly an hour at the foot of her bed, waiting, listening, fearing, thinking, hoping,—hardly hoping, when another step was heard on the stair and in the passage,—a step which she well knew to be that of her aunt Charlotte. Then she arose, and as her aunt drew near she pulled back the bolt and opened the door. The little oil lamp which she held threw a timid fitful light into the gloom, and Linda looked up unconsciously into the darkness of the roof over her head.

It had been her custom to return to her aunt's parlour as soon as she heard Peter creaking in the room below, and she had still meant to do so on this evening; but hitherto she had been unable to move, or at any rate so to compose herself as to have made it possible for her to go into her aunt's presence. Had she not had the whole world of her own love story to fill her mind and her heart?

"Linda, I have been expecting you to come down to me," said her aunt, gravely.

"Yes, aunt Charlotte, and I was coming."

"It is late now, Linda."

"Then, if you please, I will go to bed," said Linda, who was by no means sorry to

escape the necessity of returning to the parlour.

"I could not go to my rest," said Madame Staubach, "without doing my duty by seeing you and telling you again, that it is very wicked of you to leave the room whenever our friend enters it. Linda, do you ever think of the punishment which pride will bring down upon you?"

"It is not pride."

"Yes, Linda. It is the worst pride in the world."

"I will sit with him all the evening if he will promise me never again to ask me to be his wife."

"The time will perhaps come, Linda, when you will be only too glad to take him, and he will tell you that you are not fit to be the wife of an honest man." Then, having uttered this bitter curse,—for such it was,—Madame Staubach went across to her own room.

Linda, as she knelt at her bedside, tried to pray that she might be delivered from temptation, but she felt that her prayers were not prayers indeed. Even when she was on her knees, with her hands clasped together as though towards her God, her very soul was full of the presence of that arm which had been so fast wound round her waist. And when she was in bed she gave herself up to the sweetness of her love. With what delicious violence had that storm of kisses fallen on her! Then she prayed for him, and strove very hard that her prayer might be sincere.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER month had passed by, and it was now nearly mid-winter. Another month had passed by, and neither had Madame Staubach nor Peter Steinmarc heard aught of Ludovic's presence among the rafters; but things were much altered in the red house, and Linda's life was hot, fevered, suspicious, and full of a dangerous excitement. Twice again she had seen Ludovic, once meeting him in the kitchen, and once she had met him at a certain dark gate in the Nonnen Garten, to which she had contrived to make her escape for an hour on a false plea. Things were much changed with Linda Tressel when she could condescend to do this. And she had received from her lover a dozen notes, always by the hand of Tetchen, and had written to him more than once a few short, incoherent, startled words, in which she would protest that she loved him, and

protest also at the same time that her love must be all in vain. "It is of no use. Do not write, and pray do not come. If this goes on it will kill me. You know that I shall never give myself to anybody else." This was in answer to a proposition made through Tetchen that he should come again to her, — should come, and take her away with him. He had come, and there had been that interview in the kitchen, but he had not succeeded in inducing her to leave her home.

There had been many projects discussed between them, as to which Tetchen had given much advice. It was Tetchen's opinion, that if Linda would declare to her aunt that she meant at once to marry Ludovic Valcarm, and make him master of the house in which they lived, Madame Staubach would have no alternative but to submit quietly; that she would herself go forth and instruct the clergyman to publish the bans, and that Linda might thus become Valcarm's acknowledged wife before the snow was off the ground. Ludovic seemed to have his doubts about this, still signifying his preference for a marriage at Munich. When Tetchen explained to him that Linda would lose her character by travelling with him to Munich before she was his wife, he merely laughed at such an old wife's tale. Had not he himself seen Fanny Heisse and Max Bogen in the train together between Augsburg and Nuremberg long before they were married, and who had thought of saying a word against Fanny's character? "But everybody knew about that," said Linda. "Let everybody know about this," said Ludovic.

But Linda would not go. She would not go, even though Ludovic told her that it was imperative that he himself should quit Nuremberg. Such matters were in training, — he did not tell her what matters, — as would make his going quite imperative. Still she would take no step towards going with him. That advice of Tetchen's was much more in accordance with her desires. If she could act upon that, then she might have some happiness before her. She thought that she could make up her mind, and bring herself to declare her purpose to her aunt, if Ludovic would allow her to do so. But Ludovic declared that this could not be done, as preparatory to their being married at Nuremberg; and at last he was almost angry with her. Did she not trust him? Oh, yes, she would trust him with everything; with her happiness, her heart, her house, — with all that the world had

left for her. But there was still that feeling left within her bosom, that if she did this thing which he proposed, she would be trusting him with her very soul.

Ludovic said a word to her about the house, and Tetchen said many words. When Linda expressed an opinion, that though the house might not belong to her aunt legally, it was or ought to be her aunt's property in point of honour, Tetchen only laughed at her. "Don't let her bother you about Peter then, if she chooses to live here on favour," said Tetchen. As Linda came to think of it, it did appear hard to her that she should be tormented about Peter Steinmarc in her own house. She was not Madame Staubach's child, nor her slave; nor, indeed, was she of childish age. Gradually the idea grew upon her that she might assert her right to free herself from the tyranny to which she was made subject. But there was always joined to this a consciousness, that though, according to the laws of the world, she might assert her right, and claim her property, and acknowledge to everybody her love to Ludovic Valcarm, she could do none of these things in accordance with the laws of God. She had become subject to her aunt by the circumstances of her life, as though her aunt were in fact her parent, and the fifth commandment was as binding on her as though she were in truth the daughter of the guardian who had had her in charge since her infancy. Once she said a word to her aunt about the house, and was struck with horror by the manner in which Madame Staubach had answered her. She had simply said that, as the house was partly hers, she had thought that she might suggest the expediency of getting another lodger in place of Peter Steinmarc. But Madame Staubach had arisen from her chair and had threatened to go at once out into the street, — "bare, naked, and destitute," as she expressed herself. "If you ever tell me again," said Madame Staubach, "that the house is yours, I will never eat another meal beneath your father's roof." Linda, shocked at her own wickedness, had fallen at her aunt's knees, and promised that she would never again be guilty of such wickedness. And as she reflected on what she had done, she did believe herself to have been very mean and very wicked. She had known all her life that, though the house was hers to live in, it was subject to the guidance of her aunt; and so had she been subject till she had grown to be a woman. She could not quite understand that such subjection for the

whole term of her life need be a duty to her; but when was the term of duty to be completed?

Between her own feelings on one side, and Tetchen's continued instigation on the other, she became aware that that which she truly needed was advice. These secret interviews and this clandestine correspondence were terrible to her very soul. She would not even yet be a castaway if it might be possible to save herself! There were two things fixed for her, — fixed, even though by their certainty she must become a castaway. She would never marry Peter Steinmarc, and she would never cease to love Ludovic Valcarm. But might it be possible that these assured facts should be reconciled to duty? If only there were somebody whom she might trust to tell her that!

Linda's father had had many friends in Nuremberg, and she could still remember those whom, as a child, she had seen from time to time in her father's house. The names of some were still familiar to her, and the memories of the faces even of one or two who had suffered her to play at their knees when she was little more than a baby, were present to her. Manners had so changed at the red house since those days, that few, if any, of these alliances had been preserved. The peculiar creed of Madame Staubach was not popular with the burghers of Nuremberg, and we all know how family friendships will die out when they are not kept alive by the warmth of familiar intercourse. There were still a few, and they among those most respected in the city, who would bow to Madame Staubach when they met her in the streets, and would smile and nod at Linda as they remembered the old days when they would be merry with a decorous mirth in the presence of her father. But there were none in the town, — no, not one, — who could interfere as a friend in the affairs of the widow Staubach's household, or who ever thought of asking Linda to sit at a friendly hearth. Close neighbourhood and school acquaintance had made Fanny Heisse her friend, but it was very rarely indeed that she had set her foot over the threshold of Jacob's door. Peter Steinmarc was their only friend, and his friendship had arisen from the mere fact of his residence beneath the same roof. It was necessary that their house should be divided with another, and in this way Peter had become their lodger. Linda certainly could not go to Peter for advice. She would have gone to Jacob Heisse, but that Jacob was a man slow of speech, somewhat timid in all mat-

ters beyond the making of furniture, and but little inclined to meddle with things out of his own reach. She fancied that the counsel which she required should be sought for from some one wiser and more learned than Jacob Heisse.

Among the names of those who had loved her father, which still rested in her memory, was that of Herr Molk, a man much spoken of in Nuremberg, one rich and of great repute, who was or had been burgomaster, and who occupied a house on the Egidien Platz, known to Linda well, because of its picturesque beauty. Even Peter Steinmarc, who would often speak of the town magistrates as though they were greatly inferior to himself in municipal lore and general wisdom, would mention the name of Herr Molk with almost involuntary respect. Linda had seen him from time to time either in the Platz or on the market-place, and her father's old friend had always smiled on her and expressed some hope that she was well and happy. Ah, how vain had been that hope! What if she should now go to Herr Molk and ask him for advice? She would not speak to Tetchen, because Tetchen would at once tell it all to Ludovic; and in this matter, as Linda felt, she must not act as Ludovic would bid her. Yes; she would go to this noted pundit of the city, and, if he would allow her so to do, would tell to him all her story.

And then she made another resolve. She would not do this without informing her aunt that it was about to be done. On this occasion, even though her aunt should tell her to remain in the house, she would go forth. But her aunt should not throw it in her teeth that she had acted on the sly. One day, one cold November morning, when the hour of their early dinner was approaching, she went up-stairs from the kitchen for her hat and cloak, and then, equipped for her walk, presented herself before her aunt.

"Linda, where are you going?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"I am going, aunt Charlotte, to Herr Molk, in the Egidien Platz."

"To Herr Molk? And why? Has he bid you come to him?" Then Linda told her story, with much difficulty. She was unhappy, she said, and wanted advice. She remembered this man, — that he was the friend of her father. "I am sorry, Linda, that you should want other advice than that which I can give you."

"Dear aunt, it is just that. You want me to marry this man here, and I cannot do it. This has made you miserable, and me mis-

erable. Is it not true that we are not happy as we used to be?"

"I certainly am not happy. How can I be happy when I see you wandering astray? How can I be happy when you tell me that you love the man in Nuremberg whom I believe of all to be most wicked and ungodly? How can I be happy when you threaten to expel from the house, because it is your own, the only man whom I love, honour, and respect?"

"I never said so, aunt Charlotte; — I never thought of saying such a thing."

"And what will you ask of this stranger should you find yourself in his presence?"

"I will tell him everything, and ask him what I should do."

"And will you tell him truly?"

"Certainly, aunt Charlotte; I will tell him the truth in everything."

"And if he bids you marry the man whom I have chosen as your husband?" Linda, when this suggestion was made to her, became silent. Truly it was impossible that any wise man in Nuremberg could tell her that such a sacrifice as that was necessary! Then Madame Staubach repeated the question. "If he bids you marry Peter Steinmarc, will you do as he bids you?"

Surely she would not be so bidden by her father's friend! "I will endeavour to do as he bids me," said Linda.

"Then go to him, my child, and may God so give him grace that he may soften the hardness of your heart, and prevail with you to put down beneath your feet the temptations of Satan; and that he may quell the spirit of evil within you. God forbid that I should think that there is no wisdom in Nuremberg fitter than mine to guide you. If the man be a man of God, he will give you good counsel."

Then Linda, wondering much at her aunt's ready acquiescence, went forth, and walked straightway to the house of Herr Molk in the Egidien Platz.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WALK of ten minutes took Linda from the Schütt island to the Egidien Platz, and placed her before the door of Herr Molk's house. The Egidien Platz is perhaps the most fashionable quarter of Nuremberg, if Nuremberg may be said to have a fashion in such matters. It is near to the Rathaus, and to St. Sebald's Church, and is not far distant from the old Burg or Castle in which the Emperors used to dwell when they visited the imperial city of Nuremberg. This

large open Place has a church in its centre, and around it are houses almost all large, built with gables turned towards the street, quaint, picturesque, and eloquent of much burghers' wealth. There could be no such square in a city which was not or had not been very rich. And among all the houses in the Egidien Platz, there was no house to exceed in beauty of ornament, in quaintness of architecture, or in general wealth and comfort, that which was inhabited by Herr Molk.

Linda stood for a moment at the door, and then putting up her hand, pulled down the heavy iron bell-handle, which itself was a gem of art, representing some ancient and discreet burgher of the town, wrapped in his cloak, and almost hidden by his broad-brimmed hat. She heard the bell clank close inside the door, and then the portal was open, as though the very pulling of the bell had opened it. The lock at least was open, so that Linda could push the door with her hand and enter over the threshold. This she did, and she found herself within a long narrow court or yard, round which, one above another, there ran galleries, open to the court, and guarded with heavy balustrades of carved wood. From the narrowness of the enclosure, the house on each side seemed to be very high, and Linda, looking round with astonished eyes, could see that at every point the wood was carved. And the waterspouts were ornamented with grotesque figures, and the huge broad stairs which led to the open galleries on the left hand were of polished oak, made so slippery with the polishers' daily care that it was difficult to tread upon them without falling. All around the bottom of the court there were open granaries or warehouses; for there seemed to be nothing that could be called a room on the ground floor, beyond the porter's lodge; and these open warehouses seemed to be filled full with masses of stacked firewood. Linda knew well the value of such stores in Nuremberg, and lost none of her veneration for Herr Molk because of such nature were the signs of his domestic wealth.

As she timidly looked around her she saw an old woman within the gate of the porter's lodge, and inquired whether Herr Molk was at home and disengaged. The woman simply motioned her to the wicket gate by which the broad polished stairs were guarded. Linda, hesitating to advance into so grand a mansion alone, and yet knowing that she should do as she was bidden, entered the wicket and ascended carefully to the first gallery. Here was another bell

ready to her hand, the handle of which consisted of a little child in iron-work. This also she pulled, and waited till some one should come. Presently there was a scuffling heard of quick feet in the gallery, and three children ran up to her. In the middle was the elder, a girl dressed in dark silk, and at her sides were two boys habited in black velvet. They all had long fair hair, and large blue eyes, and soft peach-like cheeks, — such as those who love children always long to kiss. Linda thought that she had never seen children so gracios and so fair. She asked again whether Herr Molk was at home, and at liberty to see a stranger. "Quite a stranger," said poor Linda, with what emphasis she could put upon her words. The little girl said that her grandfather was at home, and would see any visitor, — as a matter of course. Would Linda follow her? Then the child, still leading her little brothers, tripped up the stairs to the second gallery, and opening a door which led into one of the large front rooms, communicated to an old gentleman who seemed to be taking exercise in the apartment with his hands behind his back, that he was wanted by a lady.

"Wanted, am I, my pretty one? Well, and here I am." Then the little girl, giving a long look up into Linda's face, retreated, taking her brothers with her, and closing the door. Thus Linda found herself in the room along with the old gentleman, who still kept his hands behind his back. It was a singular apartment, nearly square, but very large, panelled with carved wood, not only throughout the walls, but up to the ceiling also. And the floor was polished even brighter than were the stairs. Herr Molk must have been well accustomed to take his exercise there, or he would surely have slipped and fallen in his course. There was but one small table in the room, which stood unused near a wall, and there were perhaps not more than half-a-dozen chairs, — all high-backed, covered with old tapestry, and looking as though they could hardly have been placed there for ordinary use. On one of these Linda sat at the old man's bidding; and he placed himself on another, with his hands still behind him, just seating himself on the edge of the chair.

"I am Linda Tressel," said poor Linda. She saw at a glance that she herself would not have known Herr Molk, whom she had never before met without his hat, and she perceived also that he had not recognised her.

"Linda Tressel! So you are. Dear, dear! I knew your father well, — very

well. But, lord, how long that is ago! He is dead ever so many years; how many years?"

"Sixteen years," said Linda.

"Sixteen years dead! And he was a younger man than I, — much younger. Let me see, — not so much younger, but younger. Linda Tressel, your father's daughter is welcome to my house. A glass of wine will not hurt you this cold weather." She declined the wine, but the old man would have his way. He went out, and was absent perhaps five minutes. Then he returned bearing a small tray in his own hands, with a long-necked bottle and glasses curiously engraved, and he insisted that Linda should clink her glass with his. "And now, my dear, what is it that I can do for you?"

So far Linda's mission had prospered well; but now that the story was to be told, she found very much difficulty in telling it. She had to begin with the whole history of the red house, and of the terms upon which her aunt had come to reside in it. She had one point at least in her favour. Herr Molk was an excellent listener. He would nod his head, and pat one hand upon the other, and say, "Yes, yes," without the slightest sign of impatience. It seemed as though he had no other care before him than that of listening to Linda's story. When she experienced the encouragement which came from the nodding of his head and the patting of his hand, she went on boldly. She told how Peter Steinmire had come to the house, and how her aunt was a woman peculiar from the strength of her religious convictions. "Yes, my dear, yes; we know that, — we know that," said Herr Molk. Linda did her best to say nothing evil of her aunt. Then she came to the story of Peter's courtship. "He is quite an old man, you know," said poor Linda, thoughtfully. Then she was interrupted by Herr Molk. "A worthy man; I know him well, — well, — well. Peter Steinmire is our clerk at the Rathaus. A very worthy man is Peter Steinmire. Your father, my dear, was clerk at the Rathaus, and Peter followed him. He is not young, — not just young; but a very worthy man. Go on, my dear." Linda had resolved to tell it all, and she did tell it all. It was difficult to tell, but it all came out. Perhaps there could be no listener more encouraging to such a girl as Linda than the patient, gentle-mannered old man with whom she was closeted. "She had a lover whom she loved dearly," she said, — "a young man."

"Oh, a lover," said Herr Molk. But

there seemed to be no anger in his voice. He received the information as though it were important, but not astonishing. Then Linda even told him how the lover had come across the river on the Sunday morning, and how it had happened that she had not told her aunt, and how angry her aunt had been. "Yes, yes," said Herr Molk; "it is better that your elders should know such things, — always better. But go on, my dear." Then she told also how the lover had come down, or had gone up, through the rafters, and the old man smiled. Perhaps he had hidden himself among rafters fifty years ago, and had some sweet remembrance of thefeat. And now Linda wanted to know what was she to do, and how she ought to act. The house was her own, but she would not for worlds drive her aunt out of it. She loved her lover very dearly, and she could not love Peter Steinmarc at all, — not in that way.

"Has the young man means to support a wife?" asked Herr Molk. Linda hesitated, knowing that there was still a thing to be told, which she had not as yet dared to mention. She knew too that it must be told. Herr Molk, as she hesitated, asked a second question on this very point. "And what is the young man's name, my dear? It all depends on his name and character, and whether he has means to support a wife."

"His name — is — Ludovic Valcarm," said Linda, whispering the words very low.

The old man jumped from his seat with an alacrity that Linda had certainly not expected. "Ludovic — Valcarm!" he said; "why my dear, the man is in prison this moment. I signed the committal yesterday myself."

"In prison!" said Linda, rising also from her chair.

"He is a terrible young man," said Herr Molk — "a very terrible young man. He does all manner of things; — I can't explain what. My dear young woman, you must not think of taking Ludovic Valcarm for your husband; you must not, indeed. You had better make up your mind to take Peter Steinmarc. Peter Steinmarc can support a wife, and is very respectable. I have known Peter all my life. Ludovic Val-

carm! Oh dear! That would be very bad, — very bad indeed!"

Linda's distress was excessive. It was not only that the tidings which she heard of Ludovic were hard to bear, but it seemed that Herr Molk was intent on ranging himself altogether with her enemies respecting Peter Steinmarc. In fact, the old man's advice to her respecting Peter was more important in her mind than his denunciation of Ludovic. She did not quite credit what he said of Ludovic. It was doubtless true that Ludovic was in prison; probably for some political offence. But such men, she thought, were not kept in prison long. It was bad, this fact of her lover's imprisonment; but not so bad as the advice which her counsellor gave her, and which she knew she would be bound to repeat to her aunt.

"But, Herr Molk, sir, if I do not love Peter Steinmarc — if I hate him — ?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear! This is a terrible thing. There is not such another ne'er-do-well in all Nuremberg as Ludovic Valcarm. Support a wife! He cannot support himself. And it will be well if he does not die in a jail. Oh dear! oh dear! For your father's sake, fraulein — for your father's sake, I would go any distance to save you from this. Your father was a good man, and a credit to the city. And Peter Steinmarc is a good man."

"But I need not marry Peter Steinmarc, Herr Molk."

"You cannot do better, my dear, — indeed you cannot. See what your aunt says. And remember, my dear, that you should submit yourself to your elders and your betters. Peter is not so old. He is not old at all. I was one of the city magistrates when Peter was a little boy. I remember him well. And he began life in your father's office. Nothing can be more respectable than he has been. And then Ludovic Valcarm! oh dear! If you ask my advice, I should counsel you to accept Peter Steinmarc."

There was nothing more to be got from Herr Molk. And with this terrible recommendation still sounding in her ears, Linda sadly made her way back from the Egidien Platz to the Schütt island.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

THE NEW FRENCH ARMY.

BARON VON MOLTKE, the Prussian Carnot, in his book upon the Campaign of 1866, lays it down as an axiom that the Prussian Reserves must never be mobilized without fighting. The decree calling them out disorganizes society so completely, that to pass it without adequate and visible need might produce a revolution. The nationality of the Prussian Army, so to speak, while it constitutes its power, constitutes it also a guarantee against wars not desired by the masses of the people. It is the special demerit of the French Army Bill that while the new plan places all France under arms, it does not make the Army strictly national. It is clear from Marshal Niel's speech that it is intended to increase the offensive force of the Empire to an amazing, to almost an appalling degree. The numbers given in the debates teach us nothing of the truth until we have reflected, not on the numbers added to the Army, but on the numbers released for foreign war. At present, according to Marshal Niel, the French Army may be held to consist, with the Reserve, of 600,000 men. So great, however, is the drain on it for Algeria, for Paris, for the departmental garrisons, and for the frontier fortresses, that when the Emperor entered Italy to fight Austria he had but 230,000 men, and of these less than half, or 107,000, were in line at Solferino. Enormous deductions had to be made for the Tuscan *corps d'armée*, for sick and wounded, and regiments employed to keep up communications, deductions which even in a friendly country weakened the line of battle by one-half. The new Bill avowedly adds 150,000 men to the Army, or, say 100,000 effective soldiers to the battle-field; but, in reality, it will add at least three times that number. *It releases for war nearly all the garrison of France.* Suppose the scheme, for example, finally accepted by the Legislature and carried into execution, and the Emperor to resolve that he will fight Prussia rather than allow the absorption of Baden in the Confederation. He will instantly propose to call out the National Guard Mobile, 400,000 strong, and with them garrison all France, except perhaps Algeria, Paris, Strasbourg, Metz, and a few of the Northern fortresses, consuming altogether, say, 150,000 men. There will remain of his total regular army of 750,000 men 600,000 ready for foreign service at a moment's notice. Supposing one great army of 100,000

men to be stationed in Savoy and Nice, as a check upon Italy, which, be it remembered, has not the power to invade France by sea, the Emperor will still retain half a million of trained regulars, all mobilized, all ready for service beyond the frontiers, with whom to march, if necessary, upon Berlin. This army, vast as that with which Napoleon invaded Russia, will be perfectly homogeneous, perfectly equipped, commanded corps by corps by Marshals of France — by Generals, that is, of unique experience in great commands — and supported by an organization improved by seventy years of experience, and a hundred campaigns in all quarters of the globe. Behind them lies France, covered with railways, rich, fertile, and garrisoned after their departure by 400,000 obedient though, it may be, half trained soldiers. We say deliberately, and with full recollection of the wars of the First Empire, that no weapon so fearfully strong has ever yet been at the disposal of a human being; that nothing short of a nation in arms could resist it; that from the day of its formation every country near France, save only Germany and England, will retain its independence by the Emperor's consent. We question, for example, supposing Napoleon in one of his dreamy moments to revive the Bourbon plans, whether her mountains or her people could save Spain from being overrun in a month. If the Channel were dry, England in presence of such a force would have to choose between the Prussian conscription and subjugation; and even Germany, with its national army, its strong organization, and its able chiefs, is not beyond serious danger. She could not be subdued, but her regular army could be destroyed, and then the Landwehr coming to the front, every shot would slay some citizen not to be replaced. Even if the invaders were beaten they would fall back, after hideous slaughter, upon a France as thoroughly garrisoned as she is now, a France under arms, and maddened by fear for her independence. Of course, if the war continued, North Germany, with every man trained to arms, is at least as strong as France; but for a short war, a war of our day, a war not intended to subjugate so much as to check, a war in which the prize would be a country outside both belligerents, and for which, therefore, neither could fight to the death, this Bill makes France perceptibly the more efficient power. The method of modern warfare, moreover, has removed one grand restraint on war. It has ceased to be unendurably expensive. Even France could not keep 500,000 men

in motion for seven years, as Germany once essayed to do; but she can keep them for seven weeks, which is now amply sufficient time for a crushing victory or a great defeat. Half-a-million a day would mobilize even this tremendous force, and half-a-million a day for three months is less than the cost of the Crimean war. We do not say that Napoleon will use this tremendous weapon recklessly. On the contrary, the frightful magnitude which the next war must attain will, of itself, incline him to the caution which is so inherent a feature in his character; while his people will at least be inclined to wait until their new weapon is completely ready. All we say is, that if he is forced either by circumstances, or by an outbreak of French feeling, or by an attack, into a foreign war, the new Bill places in his hand a weapon such as statesmen may well dread to see in the hands of any man, however moderate, or however wise.

The evil effect of the new Bill upon the internal resources of France is, we think, exaggerated. Military training, especially in France, is not altogether unfavourable to the physical well-being of a nation. It has decidedly improved the Prussians and the Italians, and Marshal Niel had some excuse for saying that the French Army was a successful gymnasium. The mass of mankind in all countries are still so wretchedly off that regular diet, exercise, and drill benefit them perceptibly. Look at the lads at the recruiting depôts even in England, and compare them with the same men when "set up" with drill, filled out with Government rations, and braced by regular but limited exertions; and in France the improvement is still more thorough. A French peasant and a French soldier seem to belong to two different races of men. Even the injury done to the country by the celibacy of the Army may be exaggerated, for though Marshal Niel talked cynical nonsense about the halt, the maim, and the blind making good husbands, still the prohibition under the Bill as it stands ends at twenty-six, the usual age of middle-class marriage, and households set up at that age have as many children as those set up earlier. It is in the additional means which the Bill provides for repression that the internal danger chiefly consists, and after all, it must be remembered that France has never had an army entirely separated in feeling from her people, and that drilled multitudes are of all multitudes the most difficult to oppress. To the external world the Army may be and will be a new danger, but to France itself the only great in-

jury it will bring will be an increase of three or four millions a year to the already heavy military budget, and a possible readiness for war, which may tend, under favorable circumstances, to bring war on when it could otherwise have been avoided. Considerations like these evidently weigh little in France, and it is to be noticed that scarcely one speaker who is at heart favourable to standing armies has attacked the Bill, which, in spite of the dislike of the peasantry, will pass without serious opposition. So strong is the national feeling that even M. Picard's motion giving the Guard a franc a day when called out was rejected, and the people ordered to serve without even that partial relief to the losses service must involve. If patriotism is weak in France, it must be confessed that national pride makes an excellent substitute.

From *The Spectator*, Jan. 4.

THE TERTIUM QUID FOR IRELAND.

THAT feeling of despairing weariness which Ireland now excites in the minds of many English statesmen will be sensibly deepened by the address from a body of the Catholic clergy published this week. It is already numerous signed, and will undoubtedly receive the adhesion of a very large and respectable section of Irish Catholic society. Here at last is the opinion of the medium Irish party, the men who while unfriendly to English ascendancy are also hostile to Fenianism, the men who might be expected to put forward a practical proposition. And what an opinion it is! In a well written, though somewhat discursive paper, they describe truly enough the passed-away penal laws; declare that these laws, besides impoverishing and outraging Ireland, threw her so far back in the race that any idea of equality between Irishmen and Englishmen is out of the question; aver that the country needs exceptional legislation of every kind and in every corner; argue that the British Parliament neither can nor will perform this function; and, finally, demand a separate Parliament for Ireland, the old Repeal of the Union. Standing midway between Fenians and Orangemen, respectable clergymen propose as the only panacea for Irish woes a remedy more impracticable than either ascendancy or independence. They want to change the

United Kingdom into a dual Empire like that of Austria, a nation into two nations bound together only by the person of the Monarch. They hint, indeed, that the result may ultimately be a full Union; but, for generations to come, at all events, they demand autonomy for Ireland.

Let us look this proposition straight in the face, with as little prejudice as it is possible to bring to the task. The demand for Repeal, translated into the political dialect of to-day, means that Ireland shall be placed in the position of an Australian Colony, remaining part of the British Empire, but with full, or nearly full, autonomy. The Irish Parliament must, of course, have full permission to settle her own taxes, to organize her own army, to establish—as Lower Canada, for example, has done—her own peculiar faith. The latter privilege would, of course, be exerted, and England would find herself in a few years intimately allied to a strictly Catholic and almost independent State. What, then, is to be the organization for Imperial purposes? In the event, for example, of war with America, is Ireland at liberty to declare herself neutral, to refuse supplies, to withhold troops, to allow Americans to make of her harbours bases of operations against Great Britain? If so, Irish independence, the absolute independence for which Fenians hope, would be far easier to deal with. We could make treaties with an independent Ireland, treaties of alliance which would bind both parties; but what could we do with an independent Irish Parliament, which in the nick of time desired, as a Catholic Parliament almost certainly would desire, to pursue a foreign policy different from our own. We should have to protect a third of the Empire from all external foes, while uncertain whether we should receive from that third either aid or favour. Such a position would speedily become as intolerable as it was before, and would end either in a war of independence, like the American war, or in a peaceful but irritated separation. Yet if this right of pursuing her own course in foreign affairs is denied to Ireland, what is the meaning of self-government? Either the British Parliament must retain the right of taxing and borrowing for war on Irish soil, or some representative body must be created to be, on Imperial subjects, above both Parliaments. Such a body could be framed only after due attention to population and wealth, and would be in fact the existing House of Commons just as it is, just as much exposed to the charge that British influence in it is supreme, but lim-

ited in its action to foreign policy, which includes among other trifles the supreme powers of taxation, of conscription, and of the disposition of troops. This is only one of the thousand confusions which would result from such an arrangement, but it is enough of itself to show that it is impossible. The Hungarian example to which the clergy point is inapplicable; first, because it is not even yet clear that it will work; secondly, because Austria and Hungary possess one facility for such an arrangement wanting to Great Britain and Ireland. They are so nearly equal that they can create a common government on a footing of perfect equality. We cannot, without sacrificing the interests of four-fifths of the Empire to those of the remaining fifth, an unjust, even if it were a practicable proposal.

For the rest, every argument against conceding the independence of Ireland tells with redoubled force against conceding a Repeal of the Union. Englishmen desire, if they are to make great sacrifices for Ireland, to content the Irish, but a merely colonial rank would not content them. If we understand this new movement at all, it is produced by the development of the idea of nationality, by an intense wish that Ireland should obtain a place among nations, a recognized and separate position in the great family of the world, a station in which her high qualities could gradually win for themselves a respectful recognition from mankind. The Fenians want Ireland to be quoted as Ireland, not as a dependency of Great Britain. They are aware apparently that she cannot singlehanded become a great State, but they think she may at all events lead as separate and individual a life as Switzerland, a small republic respected throughout the world. How is that desire to be gratified by conceding autonomy in internal concerns, by making Ireland, in fact, a dependency, without even an appearance of a share in the Imperial councils? The dominant idea would be as little gratified as ever, and the agitation would recommence, all the new powers being used as new weapons to secure the ultimate end. Englishmen would be compelled to put down rebellion as frequently as at present, with infinitely inferior means of putting it down. Again, Englishmen think themselves morally bound not to desert the English colony, or give a Protestant population up to Catholic rule. By conceding repeal they would do both, with this additional aggravation, that while powerless to

protect, they would retain the full responsibility of protection. No statesmanship could, under such circumstances, restrain the English from interfering, just as the Germans incessantly interfered in Schleswig-Holstein; and the relations of the two countries would speedily be embittered, till actual war could not be averted, a war which, there being two nations in Ireland, would necessarily be at once a civil war, a war of races, and a war of creeds. And, finally, our consent to repeal would be a concession to force just as much as a grant of independence. It would equally with the latter prove that after six hundred years of effort we had failed to govern, to subdue, or to conciliate Ireland, the most utter failure of which history makes mention, while it would not finally relieve us of a task which, in conceding Repeal, we should confess to be impossible.

There is no hope, we fear, in this address. We are still driven back upon the old and, as we maintain, the best policy for remedying all Irish grievances; as far as we possibly can to establish religious equality, reform justice, modify the tenure, abolish every rag of the wicked old system of ascendancy, and then, with our consciences clear, wait calmly for the reward which, unless all history has been inaccurately written, time perforce must bring. It is a slow, a tedious, and an arduous policy; but it is, we are convinced, the only one which has even a prospect of success. It may, of course, fail. The antagonism between the two races may prove to be innate and ineradicable, independent of grievances, inextinguishable by time or conciliation. We mournfully admit that of all Irishmen none are so hostile as those who, across the Atlantic, are exempt from grievances, pay no tithes, are harassed by no liability to eviction. There are men, we are told, in America contributing to Fenian funds who have never seen Ireland, who have no relation to her save the single one of descent. If this should prove to be the case, if after a generation of honest and laborious effort it is still clear that there is no unity, that the English are still invaders, the Irish still disaffected, it may become the moral duty of Britain to make the greatest sacrifice ever asked of a nation, and to let Ireland go to pursue her own fate as an absolutely independent country. But it never, under any circumstances, can be our moral duty to retain Ireland and yet surrender the power of governing what we retain — to take all responsibility and preserve no privilege.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

GENERAL GRANT.

It seems probable that the curious sanguineness, the perfect confidence that "the country will pull through anything" which is the distinctive quality of American politicians, may shortly receive a new justification. The difficulty of the United States for the past three years has been to make the will of the nation act directly on the Government without violating the Constitution. That collision between the Executive and the nation which in monarchical countries produces revolution threatened the Union also, and the most far-seeing observers trembled for the result. They saw that the nation having declared itself one and indivisible, the people must rule in all national affairs; but they did not see how their rule was to be made effectual without destroying the Constitution under which the nation had grown up. The President had certain powers, and if he chose to exercise them in defiance of the majority there was no remedy except to depose him, or somehow suspend them. Deposition was extremely disliked, and the project of some extreme thinkers to abolish the Presidency altogether never attained importance enough even for discussion. The people resolved to wait until Mr. Johnson could be replaced, and meanwhile to limit his powers; but observers outside the Union remarked that this resource merely provided for the difficulty of the hour. The collision might occur again, and the certainty of its occurrence was constantly quoted as proof of the superiority of the Parliamentary régime, under which the nation can change its executive whenever it sees fit. The Constitution, however, provided no means for the conversion of Congress into a Parliament, and leading American politicians were driven to suggest that unless strict partizans were elected to the Presidency, the Constitution could not be made to work, and the paralysis of progress must continue. There were only two alternatives — either to endure the present political anarchy, or to make changes possibly fatal and certainly dangerous in the fundamental law. Just at this juncture, however, a man turns up who offers the nation a means of reconciling its two desires — of retaining the Constitution inviolate, yet of making the nation visibly Sovereign through its representatives. A concurrence of circumstances, some of which we have often described, have made of General Grant what the Americans call an "in-

evitable" President. No politician so little hated by either side is so trusted by that mass which, by its sway to one side or the other, determines the progress of American policy. If General Grant stands, the mass of voters will accept him whether their leaders like it or not; and General Grant's views are at length becoming clear. Silent, calm, and penetrated with ideas of subordination to his superior officer, the President, General Grant makes no speeches, writes no public letters, accepts no platforms, and baffles inquisitive politicians by talk about horses, which, it seems, he understands. But as the time draws on, he begins to allow his friends to express, in the odd American way, by letters, remarks, and articles in out-of-the-way publications, such as the *Galaxy*, what his real ideas are; and they seem to be these. He does not desire to be President. His present position as General Commanding-in-Chief is, he thinks, as dignified, more permanent, and less exposed to political obloquy. It affords nearly as good an opportunity of doing service to the State, and does not involve that early political death which overtakes every man who has passed the Presidential chair. At the same time, if the people desire his services, he is willing to be President, but upon certain conditions to be clearly understood. He will be the head of the national Executive, and that only, the representative of the nation for administrative work, and for that alone. He will, he allows his friends to declare, represent no party, and bind himself to no platform; will leave the people to decide on the policy to be adopted, but will carry out their decision steadily and well. That is, as his friends understand him, he will consider an Act passed by Congress as law to be unflinchingly carried out, as it would be, for example, by a judge, who yet in his heart might disbelieve in its expediency. He may possibly veto a Bill, that being within his function, but if again carried over his head he will obey it heartily, as being the will of the people expressed in law. So strongly does he feel that this is his true position, that he confidentially remonstrated with Mr. Johnson for removing Mr. Stanton while the Appointment Acts continued to be in force. They might, he appears to have said, be wise or unwise; but they, and not the President's judgment, were law. He writes to Mr. Johnson in a private and confidential letter, dated August 11th, against the removal thus:—"First, on the subject of the displacement of the Secretary of War. His removal cannot be effected against his will without the consent of the

Senate. It was but a short time since the United States' Senate was in session, and why not then have asked for his removal if it was desired? It certainly was the intention of the legislative branch of the Government to place a Cabinet Minister beyond the power of the Executive removal, and it is pretty well understood that as far as Cabinet Ministers are affected by the Tenure of Office Bill, it was intended specially to protect the Secretary of War, whom the country felt great confidence in. The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common sense and the views of loyal people will give to it the effect intended by its framers." It is said, and apparently believed now, that General Grant's personal bias is towards moderate Radicalism, but his personal bias is not to be allowed to influence his official acts. If President, he will be President to carry out with his best judgment and all his force the will of the nation which has elected him.

In words more familiar to English politicians, General Grant holds that his position ought to be that of a constitutional king, who does his own work, instead of doing it through Parliamentary agents. It is, of course, a position which can be held by a perfectly honest man, just as a judgeship can, and is indeed by no means without a precedent. It was, in essentials, the precise position of Leopold of Belgium; it is, in great measure, the position hitherto held by Victor Emanuel; and it is, we believe, the permanent position of the constitutional Kings of Sweden. It was in our own history that of William III., more especially in regard to all foreign affairs. It is indeed a better position than theirs, for the President, if required to carry out national orders, opposed to his moral conviction — as, for example, to re-establish slavery — may resign, which a King cannot, except in very rare circumstances, justifiably do. He may have no fitting successor immediately at hand, and it is a remarkable fact that there has never been in European history a satisfactory Regency. The President may have, of course, to change his Cabinet more frequently than at present; but the Constitution presents no difficulties in that direction, and we see no reason why, with a "loyal" President, such a scheme of government should not work. But it involves undoubtedly the greatest revolution yet effected in the American system. Without attempting to analyze the precise intention of the framers, who, far-sighted as they were, were not prophets, it is certain that the President has always been the representative of a party

rather than of the nation; that party infidelity has rarely been forgiven, and that on the few occasions on which the majority has turned during a term of office the President has been more or less refractory. A dozen devices have been suggested for making the national will always and immediately supreme, but none of them are equal to that which General Grant suggests, the steady submission of the Executive to that will whenever embodied in the law. If he adheres to his resolve, and his example is followed, the collision between Mr. Johnson and Congress will have removed that danger for ever out of American politics.

We shall be told, we suspect, that the change removes one more check upon the direct action of the democracy in America, but the charge is only partially true. The Presidents have very rarely acted as checks, have rather carried out as partisans the will of the dominant party which elected them. They have given intensity to its action rather than restrained it, and in the few cases in which they have swerved, as in Mr. Johnson's, an unavailing resistance has only tended to make action violent and spasmodic. The real checks on over-hasty action in America are the vastness of the country, which produces wide differences of interest, and allows wide divergences of political belief, the local life of the States, and the length of time which elapses before a Congress once elected can be entirely changed. It is not resistance to the national will which is desirable in a Constitution, but full opportunity for consideration and argument, and this Congress itself, not being subject to dissolution, can secure. On the other hand, the habitual submission of the President to the people, when their resolve has been deliberately expressed, will not only give strength and steadiness to the Administration, but will immensely increase the sense of responsibility in Congress. Let it be known that a vote will be obeyed, and we shall not have the House of Representatives passing resolutions intended as mere declarations of a prevailing sentiment, refusing to surrender captives illegally made, or threatening to decline to ratify treaties like that for the purchase of Alaska. Congress will be weighed by its own sense of power just as Parliament is, to its own infinite improvement. It may be that General Grant will not be elected, or that, elected, he may understand his position in a different sense from the one he now expresses; but if he is elected and adheres to his view, the Republic will have undergone a peaceful and, in our judgment, a most hopeful reform.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

THE KEY TO ITALIAN WEAKNESS.

LOOKED at cursorily from a distance, it must be confessed Italy offers at this moment a spectacle of well nigh repulsive confusion. The first impression that cannot but come over any one who merely glances at her present condition, will be that everything and everybody have contrived to get into a hopeless jumble of cross-purposes and cross-impulses. It looks at the first blush as if all sense of common instinct had gone out of the people — as if the substance of the country were reduced into a shapeless pulp without organic life, except of such noxious nature as begets individual jealousies and discordant passions. And yet, ugly enough though the case is at the best, we believe that this view of it, which would rate Italy at the same political worthlessness as Spain or the South American communities, is clearly wrong. The evil which is affecting Italy does not proceed from decomposition at heart, or a popular deadness to great interests, but has its one root in one distinct cause — a cause, indeed, of grievous consequences, but neither of infrequent occurrence in the history of nations, nor of insuperable malignancy, for we ourselves have had long to struggle against it — the wilful waywardness of the Crown. The moment is come when, on this head, plain speaking has got to be a necessity, if the state of affairs in Italy is to be made intelligible to those who have believed in her future, but now are at a loss what to make of her prospects. The whole entanglement of the present complication, not merely retrospectively as arising out of the Garibaldian movement so artificially promoted, but likewise in its existing phase as a Ministerial crisis, is materially due to the untoward action of the Crown. If General Menabrea at this moment finds the task of forming a really efficient Administration beset with desperate difficulties, it should be known that they do not proceed so much from the want of men for the work, or their unpatriotic unwillingness to assist him at the pinch, as from the fact that the Sovereign's stiff-necked objection obliges him to eliminate so many who are otherwise proper men. Since Count Cavour, no Minister has contrived to acquire that ascendancy over the King which could make him defer. Like all the family of Savoy, he has strong impulses to kingship, and loves to indulge them through the medium of personal agents, who are mostly mere favourites.

The Camerilla, composed of sycophantic aide-de-camps devoid of political education, with a sprinkling of political adventurers, who filled the King's brain with fanciful projects of policy, had tripped up minister after minister until it brought Rattazzi into power, and is now again at work in thwarting the formation of an efficient Cabinet. It will be remembered that in April last Baron Ricasoli suddenly resigned, with his whole Ministry, without any overt reason for such a step. It was, indeed, known that he had been engaged in the labour of remodelling on a broad basis the haphazard Cabinet over which he had assumed the presidency at the moment of war, but as far as we know his advances had been met by the men to whom he had applied for assistance. A programme for definite and searching reforms of the finances and organization had been elaborated, but when presented to the King the latter set his face against it. Then it was that Sella, in an interview with the Sovereign, felt it his duty to speak words of unvarnished truth, which, report says were much resented, and the upshot was that the country lost the services of an Administration honestly bent on setting things to rights at home, in order to be handed over to the care of a set of dummies, who were the complaisant tools of S. Rattazzi. It is not necessary for our purpose to consider how far this Minister was the prime prompter of the movement led by Garibaldi. What is of importance is to know exactly what occurred in the interval between Rattazzi's first resignation, when orders were given from Paris to suspend the already embarked expedition, and the moment when the Emperor, on receipt of further news from Florence, finally despatched an army to Rome. This covers the time when Cialdini tried to form a Ministry, when Rattazzi was again sent for, and when Garibaldi was openly allowed to show himself in Florence. We have the best reason for believing that during this most critical period the King was privately acting without the knowledge of General Cialdini, and that what actually precipitated the fatal return of a French Army to Italy was a defiant telegram sent by the King to the Emperor, to which none except private advisers were privy. If this be true, as we have no doubt it is, then on Victor Emanuel personally rests the tremendous responsibility of having brought about the consummation of Italy's present humiliation by self-willed action, which has not even the dignity of firmness to set it off; for when the French actually invaded,

neither the King nor his Court had the nerve to be as good as their word, and march on Rome. It was then that with a grudging grace Victor Emanuel, like a General forced to capitulate, had to accept the services of General Menabrea and his colleagues, who may no doubt be inferior in some respects to what would be desirable, but certainly have shown no small patriotism in standing forward in the breach. But now these men, in deference to constitutional custom, have resigned office in the face of an adverse vote, after a debate marked by a most inflammatory speech from Rattazzi—a speech which it is asked whether he delivered entirely from his own inspiration—and General Menabrea is at present charged with a reconstruction of his Cabinet, which he appears to find it extremely difficult to effect. In the most trying conjuncture, with the country on the brink of a precipice, when every conservative element has to be strenuously appealed to, the mode in which the Sovereign elected to give public testimony of the countenance he extended to his sorely tried minister was by going away from Florence. It is, indeed, not improbable that while at Turin the King conferred with some leading members of the Piedmontese party, but that is not enough to justify his departure. The negotiations with Count Ponza di San Martino testify to the fact that an attempt has been made to obtain the services of the so-called *Permanente* League. But these overtures, it is announced, have failed; nor is it difficult to guess why, with our knowledge of the programme of their party. The *Permanente* insists on stringent retrenchment, but especially in the Military Department; in fact, it is in this respect an administrative reform league; nor will Count Ponza di San Martino waive an iota on this head. But then here he strikes against the interests of those backstairs influences which are so powerful in the Palace. These succeeded last April in ensuring the rejection of a programme of searching reform, and we apprehend that to the same causes must be ascribed the renewed failure of General Menabrea in his attempt to come to terms with this party.

It is, then, to the King directly that we must trace the source of the unfortunate difficulties that are paralyzing the infant vigour of Italy,—not to any radical defect in her constitution. On the contrary, if we look into the matter, we shall have reason to wonder that a country so sinned against should have shown so much political virtue under the circumstances. It is quite a false

impression that the conservative elements of the country are broken up in personal hostilities. At this moment nothing stands in the way of an Administration that would comprise Ponza di San Martino, Menabrea, Ricasoli, and Sella,—in a word, every statesman of character,—except the King's individual self-will. It is he who has ostracized the eminent men of the country simply because he has not found them subservient, but there is nothing on their part which tends to keep them aloof from each other. At the same time, the distinctness of the national feeling has been brought out with sharpened point by what has just happened. General Menabrea was the one Italian statesman against whom suspicion existed on the score of his supposed clericalism. When the Bishop of Orleans set all other Italians in the same category of ungodlies, Menabrea was the man whom he pointed to as the one exception,—the one Italian who never would lay an unholy finger on Rome. It only affords a new and striking proof of how thoroughly the Priestly and Legitimist party misunderstood Italy, for General Menabrea's declarations about Rome are precisely identical with those of Baron Ricasoli and of every sensible Italian. On this score, then, the present trial has its compensating feature. The unanimity of all genuine Italians in their determination not to forego their right to Rome has been elicited with capital force on this occasion; and this expression of unanimity has served afresh to cement the nation. Nor should it be overlooked by those who may be disposed to anticipate the inevitable disruption of Italy from her own discords, that in no instance has there been a symptom of treasonable influences such as have made Spain the standing scene of *pronunciamientos*. The native enemies of Italy are either emigrants or are in Rome,—but in the country itself, though there is dissatisfaction, there is no defection from the Unity on the part of those who brought it about. The Unity has nothing to fear, then, at home, unless it be at the hand which of all others should be its natural defender to the death. It is this possible stab from behind that Italy has alone any serious cause to dread. For it must never be supposed that Italy as a unit could hope to survive the Monarchy. The Idea that Italy might relieve herself by a revolution that should exchange the monarchical for a republican union is, we believe, chimerical. The elements for such a Union are utterly wanting, so that if by any accident the existing monarchy were broken up, the inevi-

table consequence must be to restore a constellation of small dynasties, necessarily animated towards each other with jealousies, and re-establish, therefore, the permanent disruption of national force, to the sole advantage of the Pope's temporal estate and a foreign Protectorate. Whatever may be the ultimate destinies of Italy, her immediate preservation as a Power depends on the maintenance of that Monarchy which is the bond of her present Constitution, and it is in our opinion most creditable to the Italians of political standing that, under circumstances of deeply provoking disappointment, they have seized this axiom, and instinctively persist in upholding the prestige of the Crown against its own wayward action.

From The London Review, Jan. 4.
THE COMING PRESIDENT.

THREE things of the utmost importance to the immediate political future of the United States have been settled during the brief ante-Christmas sitting of Congress. It has been, first of all, decided that, unless the President shall commit some offence quite beyond the endurance of the country, he is to remain Chief Magistrate until March 4, 1869. In the next place it has been decided that Congress will adhere, without any important modification, to its adopted plan of reconstruction. In the third, it has been rendered certain that, unless some unforeseen complication of the situation should supervene, General Grant is to be the next President of the United States. His nomination is not desired by the extreme wing of either the Democratic or the Republican party; but the conservatives of both have so evidently manifested their determination to support him, that neither party can venture to present an opposing candidate. Indeed, it is now the belief of some of the most sagacious politicians that both will nominate him for the principal office, and that the presidential contest will be confined to the office of Vice-President. If such should be the conditions of the coming campaign, it will be of a kind unprecedented in American history, and its significance at the present juncture can hardly be explained as popular enthusiasm for the military renown of General Grant.

During the whole of this year the question has been foremost in America, What are the political opinions of General Grant?

For the same length of time that officer has observed a reticence which has gained for him the appellation of "the Sphinx." Since the war he has appeared on many public occasions; he was welcomed on the platforms at the great college commencements; he was the object of demonstrations in New York and other great cities; he was one of the President's suite during the famous Western tour; and on all these occasions he addressed the public, generally in these words — "Ladies and gentlemen, I am no speaker. I can only say that I thank you heartily for these manifestations of your favour." Not even the American imagination could detect in these words any profound intimation of the General's ideas of public policy. It was known that he had been, before the war, a Democrat; but he had never been a partisan, and, during the war, his intimate association was with the Republicans. As he pertinaciously refused to give the public any information concerning his opinions, his friends began to answer for him. No fewer than twenty-three different expositions were published, each claiming to have been derived from conversations with the General, and to be authentic; and several of them bore the signatures of eminent politicians, — as the Hon. Mr. Washburne, and Mr. Forney, Clerk of the Senate, — who were known to be personally acquainted with him. The difficulty was, however, only enhanced by these explanations, for the twenty-three were absolutely destructive of each other. According to them the General was a Johnsonian, a red-hot Radical, a Democrat, a Republican, and, in short, the probabilities as to his views were left by these testimonies very nicely balanced.

In this state of uncertainty the matter remained until the publication of the testimony taken on the question of impeachment. In that it appears the Judiciary Committee had subjected the General to a very searching examination, and he seems to have answered the majority of questions with fulness and frankness. There was, of course, no opportunity for them to demand an expression of his abstract opinions; but after a careful perusal of his testimony we can readily understand why it is that the question concerning them has ceased to be reiterated, and may also gather, to some extent, the significance of the increased probabilities of his becoming President by a union of parties such as has not occurred since the election of Washington. It appears on the record, that soon after the accession of President Johnson to the Presi-

dency he was anxious to bring to trial and punishment the leaders of the confederacy, including General Lee and other military officers, and that General Grant had to make a very stern resistance to this, and, so far as the military leaders were concerned, had to urge their rights under the conditions of surrender. After this — about two years ago, that is — the President's views, said General Grant, underwent a change. The feeling in the South soon after also became much changed, and for the worse. He thought it necessary that some kind of civil organization in the rebel States should be made at once, and he favoured the plan brought forward by President Johnson, which was substantially the same with one which Mr. Lincoln had drawn up and shown him shortly before his death. But General Grant carefully stated that Mr. Lincoln had meant his plan only as a proposition to Congress, and he took it for granted that Mr. Johnson's plan was to be submitted in the same way. He regarded them also as temporary. This is the substance of his testimony so far as it casts any light upon his general views or upon the course he would be likely to adopt if chosen President. It is plain, then, that the administration of General Grant would be animated by a generous and honourable spirit toward the South; and there can be no doubt that in this respect it would represent the sentiment of the entire country, although, so long as a return to some form of slavery is apprehended or even conceivable, the North is unwilling to have clemency take the form of restoring to the Southern whites complete power over the negro. In the next place the impression made by General Grant's testimony on the Democrats will be favourable, since it shows that he is not bound to any principle of negro equality. He approved of Mr. Lincoln's plan — substantially Mr. Johnson's — which did not contemplate negro suffrage. On the other hand he seemed to regard the plan as temporary, and indeed (though he was somewhat vague on this point), he intimated that his approval was based on a good feeling at the South which no longer existed. The general impression conveyed to the country by this part of his evidence is probably the correct one; it is that General Grant takes a military rather than a political — a practical rather than a theoretical — view of the situation in the South, and declines, in the present tentative condition of events to commit himself to any hard and fast rule of reconstruction. The Democrats, desiring a readmission of the

Southern States under their old laws unconditionally, as if there had been no rebellion, would like a candidate with a more definite theory, as, on the other hand, would the Radical Republicans who believe that Southern loyalty and order must for the future depend upon the negro. But the recent elections have awakened misgivings with both of these parties that they cannot carry the heart of the people with them, and it is certain they cannot against a man of General Grant's popularity. That, however, which settled the question of his nomination so far as the Republican party is concerned, was the emphasis with which the distinguished witness declared that his approval to the plan of Mr. Lincoln was given to it as a measure to be laid before Congress, and that it was only under the same impression that he had given any consent to the similar plan shown him by Mr. Johnson. "I was," says General Grant, "in favour of that or anything else which looked to civil government until Congress could meet and establish governments. . . . I do not suppose there were any persons engaged in that consultation who thought of what was being done at that time as being lasting any longer than until Congress would meet and either ratify that or establish some other form of government." These views were repeated five or six times by the witness. They show unmistakably that no contest could arise between himself and Congress at all similar to that which has occurred under the present President. President Johnson has been trained to the Southern theory, which holds that America is constitutionally a "white man's Government," and he regards the enfranchisement of the negro as its overthrow; hence he has pressed to the verge of a *coup d'état* his resistance to Congress. General Grant is a Northern man, of Northern ancestors, with a training on the subject of the relative rights and duties of the various departments of the Government that would probably never permit him to imagine it a President's duty to make laws, decide on their constitutionality, and to execute them or not as he sees fit. The expressions in his testimony of deference to Congress, and his instinctive relegation of the whole matter of reconstruction to its authority, were really more calculated to win the favour of the Republicans than any decided opinions, even though favourable to their own. Mr. Johnson, they could not forget, had once expressed opinions vehemently Radical. Such strong views sometimes become inverted. When they heard General

Grant say, "I was not in favour of anything or opposed to anything particularly," many a weary warrior with the unyielding "man at the White House," must have felt, this is the coming man!

We anticipate, then, under the administration of General Grant — assuming that there is to be one — a truce between parties and an era of good feeling. It is probable that the Radicals will see in it the term of their advance, the gleaning of their last sheaf over the furrows of the war. To garner what they have reaped, to make it certain that all the tares of slavery are separated and burnt, will henceforth be the chief aim of the Republicans and old Abolitionists; and in General Grant they will at least not find an obstruction. Democracy will gather all its forces to recover its lost power in the country, and will be consoled by present and prospective offices for its inability to secure a monopoly of electoral power to the whites. The great questions of the future are likely to be financial or foreign, and these will tend to reunite the various parties of the country rather than divide them. The game between the parties has been anxiously watched; the stakes were heavy. The Old Year has at last cried "Il ne va plus." Humanity also had something on the table, and need not be all dissatisfied with the result.

From The Spectator.

SAINT PAUL.*

THIS little poem is a very remarkable production; remarkable both for the degree and for the kind of excellence which it attains, though that excellence is not of the highest order. Mr. Myers does not seem to us to show any promise of becoming a great poet. We find in his work no evidence of a really creative imagination, no poetic insight, intuition, inspiration (or whatever word we choose to express the mysterious faculty of opening up a new world of beauty). Nor has he a rapid and subtle play of thought and fancy; his ideas are, for the most part, common-place, and developed rather than suggested. But if not a poet in the highest sense of the word, Mr. Myers is a poetic rhetorician of very unusual power; it is rare to find a writer who combines to such an extent the faculty

* *Saint Paul.* By F. W. H. Myers. London: Macmillan.

of communicating feeling with the faculty of euphonious expression. His control of language and rhythm we might fairly call consummate, if he had the *ars celare artem*; if he could avoid excessive or obtrusive elaboration, and an occasionally extravagant usage of certain euphonic artifices. His arrangement of words is governed by an exquisite susceptibility not only to their sound, but to those more subtle harmonies that depend on their associations; and he shows a skill rarely surpassed in using simple materials to produce complex effects of rhythm. He has chosen a new stanza, striking and fascinating at first, but, from its pair of double rhymes, extremely difficult to maintain; and, as the basis of a long poem, open to obvious objections. It has an irresistible tendency to a rhythm so strongly accentuated that it almost inevitably wears the ear after a time, and distracts the attention unpleasantly from substance to form. Mr. Myers' manner bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Swinburne's in one or two points, though it is so peculiar that to call it an imitation of the latter would convey a wrong idea. But he certainly has adopted, and even gone beyond, Mr. Swinburne's practice of alliteration. Of course it is difficult to draw the line between use and abuse of this or any other trick of euphony: the trick will probably give pleasure up to the point at which it becomes offensive; and that point will vary indefinitely with the reader. Mr. Swinburne (and Mr. Myers after him) seems to regard alliteration as a part of the machinery of melodious composition, as regular and universal as rhyming; and there seems no reason why it should not become so, as of the two it is intrinsically the more subtle and refined method of gratifying our sense of harmony. Yet from habit, though alliterative words are no doubt more easy to find than rhymes, especially double rhymes, the former are much more likely than the latter to suggest that the phrase had been modified to introduce them. When this is once suggested, the trick, discovered to be a trick, of course defeats its own end.

The faults of Mr. Myers' style are brought into special prominence by the nature of his subject. The poem is a monologue or rhapsody supposed to be uttered by St. Paul. Now, in an expression of religious feeling we peculiarly require simplicity and sincerity of tone, a rigid subordination of form to matter. The deliberate mellifluousness of Mr. Myers occasionally jars upon us in the more im-

passioned outbursts, and produces somewhat of the effect of a Ritualist conscious, in the midst of the most solemn ceremony, of the exquisite cut of his chasuble. Still this only happens occasionally, because Mr. Myers possesses in a high degree the power of communicating feeling. He can fuse his careful constructions of words and rhythms which would otherwise be too individually noticeable into one stream of glowing and passionate utterance. We have said that his poetical ideas are commonplace, but they almost produce the effect of originality from the intensity with which they are apprehended, and the subtle and anxious fidelity with which this apprehension is expressed. The following simile will afford an illustration of this:—

“Lo as some bard on isles of the Aegean
Lovely and eager when the earth was
young,
Young to hurl his heart into a paean,
Praise of the hero from whose loins he
sprung;—

“He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,
Wandered disconsolate and waited long,
Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would
tarry,
Chiding the slumber of the seed of song:

“Then in the sudden glory of a minute
Airy and excellent the proem came,
Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.”

Here there is little originality of idea, and too much expansion; still, the more we examine it, the more we see that every word is made to tell, and that doubly, both in sound and sense.

The title and plan of the poem show a certain want of dramatic or historical faculty. The rhapsody is not, in substance, very much more appropriate to St. Paul than to any other passionate mystic. Indeed, in some respects it is less appropriate; as the devotion of St. Paul, however intense and fervent, has always self-restraint, and if we may use the term, manliness; whereas there is a feminine tenderness and effusion in these sentiments which seem to belong to a mystic of a different type, St. Francis of Assisi, for example. Putting this aside, we think, Mr. Myers has followed and rendered the various moods of mysticism, the diapason of religious hope, fear, joy, and anguish with equal fidelity and force.

The rich, warm colouring which he has shed over his subject forms a not unpleasing contrast with the subdued grey tone in which religious sentiment is usually expressed among us. The latter treatment seems more natural and, therefore, more suggestive of depth and sincerity; but the passionate, ecstatic feeling forms a better motive of lyrical poetry.

The poem is attractive from its patient evenness of work and unobtrusive variety of movement. It has none of the faults of immaturity except excess of artifice; none of the crudeness, obscurity, inequality, the impatient carelessness, the self-defeating effort that usually mark the beginnings of a new poetic style. The following is a fair specimen of this elaborate and grandiloquent, yet highly effective manner:—

“ East the forefront of habitations holy
Gleamed to Engedi, shone to Eneglaim;
Softly thereout and from therennder slowly
Wandered the waters, and delayed, and
came.

“ Then the great stream, which having seen he
sheweth,
Hid from the wise but manifest to him,
Flowed and arose, as when Euphrates flow-
eth,
Rose from the ankles till a man might
swim.

“ Even with so soft a surge and an increasing,
Drunk of the sand and thwarted of the
clod,
Stilled and astir and checked and never-
ceasing
Spreadeth the great wave of the grace of
God;

“ Bears to the marshes and bitter places
Healing for hurt and for their poisons balm,
Isle after isle in infinite embraces
Floods and enfolds and fringes with the
palm.”

Some of these lines show an unusual power of compelling the broken and monosyllabic utterance of English to continuous flexibility. Mr. Myers can also command a more braced and rapid movement, as in the following:—

“ What can we do, o'er whom the un beholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot
cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces
golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope ?

“ Can it be true, the grace He is declaring ?
Oh let us trust Him, for his words are
fair !
Man, what is this, and why art thou despair-
ing ?
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.”

The close is conventionally triumphant; but the motive of the triumph is fine and unconventional, not the prospect of heavenly happiness, but the contemplation of the long line of saints and religious heroes, shining like stars before the dawn.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

HARIRI'S ARABIC ASSEMBLIES.*

THE chasm which parts the Western from the Eastern nations is one of the greatest and most enduring facts in history. Each circle of nations has existed almost from the birth of history apart, knowing little and caring less for the other. What have the ancient Greeks to tell us even of the Persians, with whom they came into constant contact, generally but not always hostile? or of the Armenians, or even of the tribes of Asia Minor of Oriental origin, although their own settlements actually bordered on the lands of these, and must have included within their walls a large immigrant population from the adjoining districts? Curious religious rites must have been practised in their streets, Eastern ballads must have been sung under their windows, evidences of no mean civilization among their neighbours must have met them everywhere; yet how much do we learn of all this from the great historian of Halicarnassus in that very district, no mean observer of manners and customs? The very term “Barbarian”—though not used in the offensive sense which now attaches to it—of itself proves a want of interest, and therefore of discrimination, in all that concerned their Eastern neighbours. Even of the Phoenicians they thought they had discovered enough when they found the great Phoenician god to be their own Hercules, and the chief goddess to be their Aphrodite, though these identifications were as superficial as possible. So

* *The Assemblies of Al-Hariri*. Translated from the Arabic, with an Introduction, and Notes Historical and Grammatical, by Thomas Chencry, M.A. Vol. I. containing the First Twenty-six Assemblies. London : Williams and Norgate. 1867.

with the Romans — how much did they know or care of the kingdom and people of Mithridates, or of the Parthians, with whom they came into the closest and not most agreeable contact? They were all Barbarians alike, whatever evidences of ancient civilization and present admirable organization met the eyes of their not always victorious legions. In later times the rise and rapid spread of Islam added the embitterment of religious differences to the previous estrangement. Yet it is a great mistake to look on this as the cause of the modern separation. It can be so considered only by those who look no further back than Mohammed; but if we look further back to the older times we have just indicated, we see the same estrangement still existing, and can regard Islam only as the greatest index of the difference of feeling between the West and the East, which from the strong dormant religious feeling which it awoke, gave expression and roused into action, but certainly did not create a spirit strongly antagonistic to the Western civilization.

Yet this chasm is surely not destined to last for ever. We cannot boast that the Orientals have everything to learn and nothing to teach. This idea is summarily confuted by the fact that all spiritual or revealed religion — all religion, that is, which has any element of permanence in it — has come from them. Moses and Jesus were as truly Orientals, in spirit as well as in birth, as Mohammed. The idea of the bond between God and Man, involving mutual obligations and affections, appears as the natural popular faith in the East in all ages. In Europe it had to be distinctly inculcated as a doctrine, and was only gradually and slowly received. The Oriental is by birth and inmost nature religious; the European, even after so many ages of Christianity, is so more by education (educing the dormant feeling) than by any necessity of his nature. Of course the Western civilization has countervailing virtues which do not come by nature to the Oriental. Truth and honour among men as men — as distinguished from mere kindliness to guests and neighbours — is characteristic of the Western world, and certainly not of the Eastern. But the great fact remains that there is much to give and to take on both sides, which forces on us the belief that in the providence of God the estrangement is not to last for ever.

The present age is an auspicious one for such an approximation as we desire. We have no longer the obscurantist religious fanaticism of the Middle Ages, which could

see in the Infields only the enemies of God, and acknowledged no duty towards them but that of extermination; nor the atheism of the last century, which would deem all human faiths equally worthless. Our historians feel themselves impelled, not by idle curiosity, but by a sense of duty, to look at both sides of the shield. Writers like Washington Irving and Prescott have contributed a very powerful influence, and shown us how much goodness and knowledge was possessed by the 'impostor' Mohammed and his followers, and by the hated Moors of Spain.

It is surprising how little their good example has been followed up in this country by men able to introduce us, as they do not, into the interior workshops of the Arabic literature. The number of Englishmen who have some acquaintance with Arabic (the language of Indian law) must be very considerable; those who, from their position in some part of our vast Eastern Empire, or at our Oriental diplomatic or consular stations, *might* have it, is probably still greater; yet how few have given us translations of even the most noted works of Arabic literature, or anthologies as specimens of works too large to be profitably translated entire! To the Germans, with none of our great opportunities, and the French with far fewer, we are indebted for almost all our books of this kind. We therefore hail with a special gratification the book we have selected for review.

If Mr. Chereny had simply wished to give us an idea of some of the masterpieces of Arabic literature, he might have done so with infinitely less labour to himself, and possibly with handsomer acknowledgment from his critics and readers, by choosing some other and easier work. But he seems to be made of iron; no labour daunts him. He selects the most intricate and difficult writer among the Arabic classics; whose every line contains an obscure allusion, a play upon words, a rhetorical device of some sort; on whom voluminous commentaries have been written to make the work intelligible to the writer's countrymen. And he has done well in choosing Hariri. The man who can translate Hariri ought; let easier books be left to smaller scholars. Mr. Chereny might, perhaps, have won more popularity by choosing a less difficult book, but he has preferred to lay the foundation of a great reputation among scholars, which we think he will achieve by this bold venture. Nor is it this ambition only or principally which probably guided him to Hariri. In receiving a translation from a rich and va-

ried foreign literature like the Arabic we welcome most warmly the most characteristic works, which show the peculiar mind and habits of the nation most clearly. Many refined German critics consider Goethe's *Iphigenia* a more perfect work than *Faust*; but an Englishman who is looking out for a specimen of German literature would far rather have the purely German play than the mere imitation of a Greek drama. So here; Hariri's rhetoric and ingenuity may not be to our taste, but they are intensely Arabic, and therefore to the enlightened reader far more welcome than even such lyrics as might have flowed from Petrarch's pen. We should read foreign literature as we should travel in foreign countries, to enlarge our insular ideas, and see things (for the time being) as others see them, and not reserve our praise for those things only of which we can say, *How English!* If on returning home we find that we return to the old love, still the change of scene and the new experiences have been good for us, as they must at least have shown us life, virtue, and intellect possible under other conditions than we had known. Let no one, therefore, be deterred from looking into Hariri by any such observation as that his mode of writing is very foreign to English taste.

"Abū Muhammed al Kāsim ibn 'Alī ibn Muhammed ibn 'Othmān al Hariri was born at Basra [often spelt Bussorah, from the corrupt modern pronunciation], in the year 446 of the Hijra (A. D. 1054 or 1055), and he died in 515 (1121-2) or 516 (1122-3), in his native city. His life was, therefore, contemporary with the first Crusade, and the irruptions of the Christian hosts added much to the political troubles amid which his lot was cast. The whole aspect of the Mohammedan world has changed since the days when Basra, with its sister and rival city Kufa, had been founded by the victorious Arabs of 'Omar's Khalifate. Power had passed from the Arab race in Syria and Irak. . . . In the boyhood of Hariri, Toghril Beg, the grandson of Seljuk [the Turkish conqueror], had been confirmed by the powerless Khalif Al Ka'im bi-amr allah in all his conquests, loaded with honours, saluted as King of the East and West, and endowed with the hand of the Khalif's daughter. In the next reign, that of Al Muktadi, the Seljuk Turks captured Jerusalem, and by their outrages against the Christian pilgrims excited the Western nations to the Crusade."

But the political and military decline of the Arabs in Asia, and the extinction of the Khalifate of Bagdad by the Turkish conquests, was by no means the knell of

Arabic art and literature. As Mr. Chencry well says, "In Asia the Arabs were to the northern invaders all, and more than all, that the Greeks were to the Romans." The Turks had recently adopted the religion of Islam; but the language of its Scriptures put them in religious matters in complete dependence on the Arabs. The activity of the Arabs in literature of all kinds of course added enormously to the hold which, as custodians of the Scriptures, they had over the illiterate Turks. The literature of the Khalifate, therefore, continued to be as Arabic as before. It is, however, *a priori* improbable, and contrary to frequent actual experience, that the loss of nationality or of freedom should make no difference in the character of the literature. In this case we may surely regard the excessive scholasticism of the Arabic writers, their taste for the oddest and idlest literary conceits, their wonderful elaboration of the forms of diction alongside of perfect poverty of matter, their pleasure in obscurity of style, and their addiction to writing large commentaries only rendered necessary by this very obscurity, as largely due to their political subjection. These characteristics are often, but, if our view be correct, erroneously, treated as inherent in the Arabian character. We find them most where the political sphere is the narrowest; and least of all in Mohammed himself, whose mission is generally admitted to have been mainly prompted by his experience of very similar unrealities in the only form of Christianity that met his eye, that of the clever but degenerate Byzantines.

But a literature of this kind might, nevertheless, have great merits. The school of Basra had even in the first century of the Hijra fixed the Arabic grammar, a matter of the greatest importance to the language of a conquering race, which would be adopted by foreign and subject peoples, who would corrupt it if it had not been previously sufficiently studied to be fixed beyond the danger of corruption through mere ignorance. It need scarcely be added that the standard by which it was thus fixed was the Koran, and the speech of Mohammed's own tribe. The school of Basra had retained, and even added to, its importance, up to the time of Hariri. His predecessor, of a name as long as Hariri's, but known as Bā'ī az Zemān, or the *Wonder of the Time*, composed the first *Makāmat*, or *Assembly*, — or *Scānce*, as De Sacy calls it. This was a new form of literature, which became very popular with both writers and readers, from the scope it gave to the in-

troduction of any number and any kind of stories, serious, comic, religious, or moral. It is conducted in the first person by a narrator who is supposed to be speaking to a circle of listeners who form the *Assembly*; but being too long for delivery at one sitting, it is divided into a number of sittings (berein resembling the *Arabian Nights*); hence the plural title. In his wanderings the narrator constantly meets a clever improvisator, a character as native to the Arabs as to the Neapolitans; and hears him declaiming to his knot of listeners, now in one form, and now in another, sometimes at a funeral in the garb of an ascetic speaking deep religious sentiments on death and judgment, sometimes at a feast in a merry vein; but always opening the purse-strings of his hearers before he concludes, and then discovered by the narrator, who has been carried away by his eloquence as much as any of the hearers, and seen in his real character as a scamp and a hypocrite. Though the reiteration of the *dénouement* makes the trick seem stale, and the number of 'Assemblies' which the world would stand must surely be limited, there is humour in the very idea and scope for any further amount in the working out. The Assemblies of Hariri are written in *rhymed prose* — a curious species of composition, of which the Arabs are very fond. Mr. Chénevry institutes a sort of comparison between this and the Hebrew Biblical poetry. There also is no regular alternation of long and short syllables, but the verse consists of two or more members of about equal length, readily apprehended by the *parallelism* of language and thought in the members. In the Hebrew, indeed, rhyme is not introduced; the Arabs make the members still more evident by rhyming the final words. It is a higher style than plain prose, and couched in more ornate language; and is therefore well suited to the narrative of these Assemblies.

We have not space to quote a whole assembly, and the humour is scarcely apparent in a mere fragment; but the following may give some idea of the seventh, all the verses not absolutely necessary being omitted: —

"Now when the congregation of the prayer court was gathered, and the crowding took men's breath, There appeared an old man in a pair of cloaks, and his eyes were closed: — And he bore on his arm what was like a horsebag, and had for a guide an old woman like a goblin. — Then he stopped, as stops one tottering to sink, and greeted with the greeting of

him whose voice is feeble. — And when he had made an end of his salutation he circled his five fingers in his wallet, — and brought forth scraps of paper that had been written on with colours of dyes in the season of leisure, — And gave them to his old beldame, bidding her to detect each simple one." Said Al Hârîth, son of Hammâm, "Now when I had looked on the garb of the verses, I longed for a knowledge of him who wove it, the broiderer of its pattern. Then did the old woman hasten back, retracing her path to seek her scroll; and when she drew near to me I put with the paper a dirhem and a mite: — And said to her, 'If thou hast a fondness for the polished, the engraved (and I pointed to the dirhem), show me the secret, the obscure; — but if thou willest not to explain, take then the mite and begone.' — Then she inclined to the getting of that whole full moon, the bright-faced, the large. But it troubled my heart that perchance it was Abû Zayd who was indicated, and my grief kindled at his mishap with his eyes. . . . So I cleaved to my place, but made his form the fetter of my sight, until the sermon was ended, and to leap to him was lawful. — Then I went briskly to him and examined him in spite of the closing of his eyelids. And lo! my shrewdness was as the shrewdness of Ibn 'Abbâs, and my discernment as the discernment of Iyâs. — So at once I made myself known, and presented him with one of my tunics, and bade him to my bread. . . . Then he opened his eyes, and stared round with the twin balls, and lo! the two lights of his face kindled like the Farksidân. And I was joyful at the safety of his sight, but marvelled at the strangeness of his ways. — Nor did quiet possess me, nor did patience fit with me, until I asked him, 'What led thee to feign blindness; thou, with thy journeying in desolate places, and thy traversing of wildernesses, and thy pushing into far lands?' But . . . he sharpened his look upon me, and recited: —

'Since Time (and he is the father of mankind) makes himself blind to the right in his purposes and aims, I, too, have assumed blindness, so as to be called a brother of it; — what wonder that one should match himself with his father?'

Then said he to me, 'Rise, and go to the closet, and fetch me alkali that may clear the eye, and clean the hand.' Then I rose to do what he bade. But when I returned I found that the hall was empty, and that the old man and woman had fled away. — Then was I extreme in anger at his deceit, and I pressed on his track in search of him. — But he was as one who is sunk in the sea, or has been borne aloft to the clouds of heaven.'

In this passage many phrases occur which obviously demand a commentary, which is

amply and ably supplied, and yet not overdone, by Mr. Chenery. This first volume contains 162 pages of translation of the original text, and 378 pages of introduction and notes. The second volume will complete the work.

From The Spectator, Jan. 4.

MISS DORA GREENWELL'S LACORDAIRE.*

WE have so recently reviewed the voluminous life of Lacordaire by Père Chocarne, that we shall confine ourselves here to characterizing what Miss Greenwell has added in this interesting little volume to make Lacordaire a living figure for English readers. And she has done much. She has not only abbreviated the fuller life with great judgment, but she has brought many other materials to fill in the pictures of Lacordaire's most intimate friends, — of Madame Swetchine, that spiritual and subtle, but yet powerful and ardent nature who described herself as illustrating Buffon's planetary theory of the earth, in that she had surely been sometime "detached from a burning sun, and ever since growing gradually cooler," — of Lamennais, that proud and absolute philosopher-priest, Catholic by choice, but Protestant by necessity, who, when once his ideal of the Church failed him, fell into despondency, and fostered a gloomy wrath almost like that of Ajax, — of Besson, whom once a Catholic soldier among his audience, too far off from him to catch his words, described as "a speaking crucifix," — of Frédéric Ozanam, the founder of the lay order of St. Vincent de Paul, of whom Lacordaire himself said "that he was one with whom all blooms quickly, and all comes into bloom at once, as if time and eternity were at work on them together." All these figures, most of which belonged to the group of which Lacordaire himself was the centre, Miss Greenwell has sketched with a skilful and vivid touch, bringing materials from their own writings to illustrate each of them more particularly. They add very much to the picture. For a Protestant it is difficult enough at first not to question the sincerity of such a mediæval zeal as Lacordaire's. But it becomes impossible to question it, so soon as we find that those who grouped themselves round Lacordaire were all of them of strong and origi-

nal character, who exercised the sort of influence which never was yet exercised by any considerable group of the missionary class — we use the word "missionary," of course, in a moral, not a professional sense — without deep sincerity and disinterestedness as the true basis of their character. Here and there, no doubt, we meet with a man of great moral force and influence, whose truthfulness of nature is and ever will be an open question to the historian. But then we do not find such a one becoming the centre of a set almost as independent and original as himself and who retain thoroughly their love and reverence for him to the last. Lacordaire's relations with such men as Lamennais, Ozanam, Besson, and such a woman as Madame Swetchine, was the best possible evidence of the profound earnestness and sincerity of his own character. The light reflected back upon a man's character from his friends and correspondence often gives a truer glimpse of him than that derived from his own acts and words. Miss Greenwell has added not only to the charm but the impressiveness of her book by the outlines she has given us of these intellectual companions of Lacordaire's life.

The comparative independence, too, of her position as a biographer from what is clearly a Protestant point of view, — though in what degree and manner Protestant it is rather difficult to tell, — adds to the value of this artistic little biography. Miss Greenwell is quite frank in pointing out the moral inconsistency of Lacordaire's apology for the Dominican Order with his own eager liberalism of theory, and she speaks with just severity of his inadequate treatment of the Dominican share in the proceedings of the Inquisition, — nay, of St. Dominic's own share in those iniquitous transactions. Miss Greenwell speaks with perfect candour of Lacordaire's special pleading on this head, and it gives us confidence in her on other matters: —

" He lends himself with a special pleading, altogether unworthy of his usual openness and candour, to the fiction that the Church never condemned any one to death, referring in this to what has been truly called the hypocrisy of the well-known phrase 'giving over the guilty to the secular arm.' The sentence of the Inquisition concluded with this formulæ: — 'The accused must be abandoned to justice and the secular arm, *which we pray and affectionately charge*, as well and strongly as we can, to act towards the convicted with kindness and pity.' Besides this, we are told to remember that the Church condemns no one for their opinions,

* *Lacordaire*. By Dora Greenwell. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

only for 'dogmatizing,' or teaching those opinions to others. Arguments such as these, in the face of the historical facts they are connected with, remind one of an anecdote recorded of Timour. At the taking of Aleppo, when the streets were running deep with blood, and his soldiers busy collecting heads to frame his gigantic pyramid of skulls, he was quietly engaged in controversy with the doctors on points of law and discipline, labouring to prove to them — we are not told with what success — that he was himself a quiet and peaceable person, no lover of cruelty, and only the enemy of wicked and unbelieving persons."

On the subject, too, of his austerities and penances she speaks with similar freedom, pointing out that "there could be little real humiliation in being flogged by an adoring disciple, shedding tears over the strokes he is compelled to inflict;" and she quotes against him very justly his own saying that "our most painful mortifications are those which are not taken up by us at will, and which neither begin nor finish at our pleasure." Yet Miss Greenwell criticizes this craving for voluntary suffering in Lacordaire with a very doubtful hand. She is half inclined to the belief that all suffering, even involuntary or *unmoral* pain, may be expiatory. She speaks, with what to us sounds an irrational superstition, of the law of sacrifice to which "the moth submits when it shrivels 'in no ineffectual fire.'" The truth is that, as far as we know, the moth does not *submit* to this law of sacrifice at all. It is the victim of it, but in all probability quite involuntarily, and the only sense in which it *may* possibly be rightly termed "a law of sacrifice" at all to which the moth is a victim, is this, — that the principle which attracts it to the flame in which it perishes, may be so essential to the life and vitality of its species that the few may be said to die in order that the many may live. This is, however, but conjecture of the vaguest kind, and we confess that we see no value in the analogies derived from physical and animal nature for a law the whole meaning of which depends on the voluntary and willing bearing of pain by one in order that another may be delivered from it. If Lacordaire believed that every stripe inflicted on his own back saved some other human being from an equal or much worse suffering, — he would have been quite right if he had let himself be slowly flogged to death. But then what a poor superstition, and one grounded in how poor a view of the Father and the Redeemer, this would have been! Nor, in spite of all his vague panegyric of

vicarious suffering, can we make out that he really held it. We infer rather that his love of penance was due to a belief that every pang he suffered helped him to enter more deeply into his Lord's nature, into the mystery of the crucifixion; — that he courted pain much less as the mode of winning peace for others, than as the mode of winning a new revelation for himself. He thought he saw His master more plainly when his own flesh was bleeding with self-inflicted pangs, than when he was well and strong. Otherwise he would never have insisted, — as he did theoretically, at least, — that penance should always stop short of injury to health. He held that he had a right to inflict on himself any suffering by which he could better understand his Lord, if it did not diminish the talents at that Lord's disposal, — but this he evidently thought that he had no right to do. Penance was to him only another mode of access to Christ, another practical mode which came in aid of charity and purity of life. Just as you may say that to understand a painter you must have painted yourself, however badly, — so Lacordaire imagined in order to understand the divine crucifixion, he must voluntarily subject himself to some amount of physical suffering. The superstition lies, as it seems to us, in comparing the suffering which our Lord did not *court*, but to which he simply submitted because it was His Father's will, to suffering invented freely and without the slightest external occasion. Could Lacordaire have said, when he was urging an adoring disciple to scourge him against the latter's own entreaties, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

But though there is something that we cannot always concur in in Miss Dora Greenwell's spiritual criticism, her criticism is always truthful in sentiment, and she has very great pliancy of sympathy in entering into the heart of ideas not entirely her own. The chapter on the Catholic Church's ideas of solidarity, reversibility of spiritual sentences, and expiation is exceedingly thoughtful, and exceedingly germane to her subject. Indeed, without it, Protestants who have never read deeply in Catholic literature would be in great danger of wholly misunderstanding Lacordaire. "With them" [the Catholics], she says very justly and graphically, "intercession becomes a *matter of business*, a literal work of faith, which pursues the sinner with love, which weaves round the impenitent a network of prayer, from which he may find it hard to extricate himself." That, no doubt, with

its error and its truth,—its error in supposing that unless good men do this for their frail fellow-men, God does not love the frail sufficiently to do it for them Himself,—its truth in supposing that God does leave real room for human prayer to work in on behalf of others, though He does not trammel His mercy by making it conditional on ours,—is no doubt the key to much of Lacordaire's life. Miss Greenwell has shown that she can both interpret that life intellectually and represent it graphically, and her book deserves to outlive the generation which knew and admired Lacordaire's eloquence, as one of the tersest, truest, and most graceful of the lighter biographies of a day which has produced even better things in biography than it has produced either in history or in any other department of literary art, except, perhaps, fiction.

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From The London Review.

BAD MANNERS IN ROME.

THE immediate connection between ladies' dresses and profane swearing may not be very apparent, but they have just been coupled together in a decree issued by the Pope. His Holiness is afflicted by the prevailing style of millinery in Rome. He is not particularly averse to the aesthetics of religion, but he has absolutely been forced to draw a line somewhere among the too gorgeous colours and suggestive forms of the dress of Roman ladies. But are they Roman ladies who have provoked his censure? Do they not rather belong to that heterogeneous foreign society the atmosphere of which Nathaniel Hawthorne has so prettily indicated? We have a suspicion that this profligacy in dress is but an outward symbol of the *bizarre*—half-masculine, demonstrative, and defiant spirit which reigns among the expatriated ladies who have chosen Rome to be their dwelling, and who pour out their superabundant passion by means of colour-tubes, as their less erratic sisters do at home by means of their pens. His Holiness demands that a stop shall be put to the extravagant customs introduced by these ladies. He complains that they dress for church as if they were going to a theatre or a promenade; and evidently considers that religious services ought to have their appropriate costume. Unfortunately, the head of the Church has avoided all definition of what

the proper costume ought to be. Sixpenny guide-books to the manners of good society inform the anxious inquirer that in going to an opera certain articles of clothing are peremptorily necessary; why should they not specify the theological garb? We are quite sure that an additional attraction would be presented to many people in the opportunity to constitute themselves a part of the general effect of the service, by wearing an appropriate and harmonious costume—say, a gown of black serge, a waistband of untarred rope, sandals, a cowl, a black cross, and dirty hands. All that the Pope has done has been to throw cold water on the theatrical accessories of going to church; and, instead of encouraging a taste for stage-business, he has absolutely complained that there is already too much of the theatre visible at public worship. His remedy is not one of precept, but of example. He desires that a committee of ladies should be appointed, who, having decided upon the requisite measures of dulness in colour and ugliness in form, shall make themselves the *corpus vile* of the experiment, and teach their more worldly sisters to subdue their carnal likings for splendid garments. The luxury of the present style of dress, according to the Pope, not only "produces the ruin of families," but also "leads to immorality"—and this under the very nose of his Holiness! We do not wonder that he has been incensed by this audacious folly. But the Cardinal Vicar, as we learn, has added to this remonstrance and adjuration a definite threat. It is announced that women wearing an extravagant head-dress shall not be admitted to the communion-table. Think of that, ye blondes and brunettes, who spend every Sunday morning in wearying your maid over your prodigious preparations for service, and be glad that a comfortable and complaisant Archbishop of Canterbury winks at chignons.

The paternal government of the Pope is much better exemplified in the section of this decree which refers to profane swearing. After all, the head of the Church has the right to see that the faithful shall not dress themselves in an outrageous manner when they attend ordinances. But in his haste the Pope has declared there shall be no more swearing in Rome—no, not even among his own Zouaves, whose affection for the military service shall be consecrated by this abstinence into a sort of sacred form of self-abnegation. "Any persons taking the name of God the Madonna, or the Saints in vain shall at once be dismissed from their employment, or, if the offence is committed in the street, be

arrested by the police." There never was such a revolutionary measure contemplated. If the Executive of the Pope were at all able to meet the requirements of his Legislature, there would be no one at work to-morrow morning in Rome except a few dumb men. To be dismissed for taking the name of a saint in vain! Who would be a Roman policeman, expected to have all the saints in the Calendar at his fingers' ends? And what a succession of blunders the poor man must make in arresting Englishmen whose Italian, even in such simple matters as asking their way to St. Peter's, is so apt to sound like unutterable blasphemies to the man who is on the outlook for such criminal offences. We presume that the Pope has so great a horror of heathen times that he wishes to drive the cursers and swearers of his dominions to choose their little playfulness from the records of pagan mythology. Jupiter, but not James; Bacchus, but not Benedict, is his motto. We may parade the streets of Rome, and insult the old divinities to our heart's delight; but we must not descend to mediaeval times. St. Catherine shall not be trifled with, but Jingo may be made the common sport of the multitude. The journeyman shoemaker sitting on his bench may ransack classic fable for high-sounding names to hurl at his apprentice's head; but let him only mention the name of a saint, and out he goes into the street. The idle apprentice has but to watch for an occasional slip, and the very patron saint of the shoemaker may be sufficient to rob him of his daily bread.

What was the cause of this protest? How was it found that profane swearing and ladies' gowns had advanced *pari passu*? Why were they so significantly brought together in the same edict? We cannot believe that it was for a moment intended to be hinted that the wearers of the extravagant head-dresses were themselves guilty of using the names of the saints in a disrespectful way. We suspect that the dresses were the dresses of the women, but the swearing was the work of their husbands. Milliners' bills, his Holiness perceived, were the cause of a double crime; they provoked feelings of worldliness among those who incurred them, and bad language among those who had to pay them. The women dressed in a gratuitously-extravagant way; their husbands swore; therefore the fatal love of finery was at the bottom of it all. Now we do not hesitate to say that his Holiness's suspicions are confirmed by certain occurrences which take place from day to day amongst ourselves. We need in England as strict a

law as that which has been promulgated in Rome — and that not applying to church-services only, but to all public places frequented by ladies. If these gentle creatures could only for one half-hour hear the horrible, epigrammatic, and semi-poetical language which is used behind their backs by the poor victim who is being rapidly driven to his wits' end by the exactions of *Le Follet*, they would shudder to think themselves the cause of so much wickedness. In the interests of morality, they would surely undertake their cohesion to that column of dangerous prescriptions which the papers call the "newest fashions." No interference would be needed on the part of the guardians of our religion; the Evangelical tendencies of the sex would be a sufficient stimulus. In the mean time the Pope has taken vigorous and practical measures to stop the twin evils, though it is to be feared that the execution of his decree will be attended with enormous difficulties. We would not hint that the general police-net for all profane swearers may occasionally gather in a High Church dignitary; but it would certainly, if properly and honestly worked, drag before the tribunals a considerable proportion of his Holiness's secular advisers. And, as for ambassadors, military officers, and summer visitors, the mind shrinks from considering the numbers of them who would be in a chronic state of arrest through incapacity to remember the precise names of all the highly respectable men and women who figure in the Saints' Calendar.

From The Saturday Review.

BAKER'S NILE TRIBUTARIES OF
ABYSSINIA.*

THOUGH this book tells us nothing of the intended seat of war, it would be unjust to suppose that the title had been framed merely to take advantage of the public interest as it sets in that direction. In the first chapter of his *Albert Nyanza*, Sir Samuel Baker tells us that he reserves for a separate work the account of his travels in the districts watered by "the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," and the present volume is only the fulfilment of that intention. From the Fifth Cataract

* *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

of the Nile he struck off south-eastward along the Atbara, a great affluent, the sources of which lie in the district round Gondar. One important branch of this stream is the Settite — which is in fact the same river as the Taccazy, the boundary of Tigre — and up this branch Sir Samuel penetrated as far as the rocky wall that raises the Abyssinian highlands from the desert. Then, turning towards the Nile, he crossed numerous smaller tributaries of the Atbara, struck and passed down the banks of the Rahab and Dinder, and from their points of junction with the Blue Nile, journeyed along the latter to Khartoum.

Without being exactly what is understood by an accomplished writer — that is, one whose natural or acquired faculty has enabled him successfully to cultivate style as an art — Sir Samuel Baker imparts to his narratives of travel great liveliness and interest, and takes his reader cheerfully and pleasantly along with him. He is always natural and never dull, and frequently presents us with bold, original, striking scenes, painted with an excellent touch. Such is the picture he gives us in accounting for the fact that the great birds of the Nile countries, the crow, buzzard, vulture, and stork, arrive always on the earth in regular succession, when attracted by prey. He believes they inhabit different stories of the atmosphere, one above the other, and all out of human ken, though their own keen faculties can detect from those enormous altitudes small objects on the earth. What seems the bare blue vault is peopled by these winged inhabitants, circling or floating each in its own plane, and turning earthward a glance so keen that the blood or mangled body of a slain animal instantly attracts them; the heavens, just now so pure and clear, are presently specked with swooping birds, and the rush of closing wings and falling bodies announces the arrival of the successive tenants of the air — the marabout stork, who seems to inhabit what may be termed the garret of the aerial mansion, being the last to appear on the scene.

The journey across the Nubian desert affords a series of striking pictures. Sometimes the circle of yellow sand was bounded only by the horizon; in other parts, pyramidal hills broke the level surface; and the ground, covered with great hardened drops of lava, ejected by volcanic action, and resembling cannon shot of all sizes, "looked like the old battle-field of some infernal region." Next came a horrible wilderness that bore the aspect of a stormy sea sud-

denly petrified; and then appeared a frightful valley of sand closed in by barren rocks, glowing like an oven, and strewn with the carcasses and skeletons of camels. Reaching the Atbara, at the close of the hot season, he found its channel — several hundred yards broad — dry, except where the action of the stream had hollowed deep cavities in the bed. In these, which were now ponds, or small lakes, the amphibious and aquatic monsters of the region were crowded — hippopotami, crocodiles, turtles, and great fish. The antelopes and monkeys of the region repaired thither in fear and trembling, to quench their thirst; and birds hovered over the surface, snatching hasty beakfuls of water, in terror of the grim tenants of the pools. But on the 23rd of June the scene changed. With a noise like thunder the river, swelled by the rains in the Abyssinian highlands, came down impetuously and filled its bed, and what had in the evening been a barren tract of sand was in the morning a broad, deep torrent. Following the course of the stream, which comes laden with the spoil of the mountains and the rich mud of the alluvial flats, Sir Samuel divined how this great tributary, bearing its fattening tribute to the Nile, becomes the fertilizer of Egypt: —

How many ages had the rains and the stream been at work to scoop out from the flat table land this deep and broad valley? Here was the giant labourer that had shovelled the rich loam upon the delta of Lower Egypt! Upon these vast flats of fertile soil there can be no drainage except through soakage. The deep valley is therefore the receptacle not only for the water that oozes from its sides, but subterranean channels, bursting as landsprings from all parts of the walls of the valley, wash down the more soluble portions of earth, and continually waste away the soil. Landslips occur daily during the rainy season; streams of rich mud pour down the valley's slopes, and as the river flows beneath in a swollen torrent, the friable banks topple down into the stream and dissolve. The Atbara becomes the thickness of pea-soup, as its muddy waters steadily perform the duty they have fulfilled from age to age. Thus was the great river at work upon our arrival on its bank at the bottom of the valley. The Arab name, "Bahr el Aswat" (black river) was well bestowed; it was the black mother of Egypt, still carrying to her offspring the nourishment that had first formed the Delta.

After a visit to Kassala (during which we imagine he received the impressions that have influenced him in advocating, errone-

ously as we think, the route through that place as the fittest to be followed by our troops in invading Abyssinia), he returned to the Atbara at the beginning of the rains, and spent the wet season at Sofi, on its banks. This is the season of fever, of boils, and other plagues, and of various insect and vermin pests, chief of which must rank the seroot fly:—

The animals are almost worried to death by the countless flies, especially by that species that drives the camels from the country. This peculiar fly is about the size of a wasp, with an orange-coloured body, with black and white rings; the proboscis is terrific; it is double, and appears to be disproportioned, being two-thirds the length of the entire insect. When this fly attacks an animal, or man, it pierces the skin instantaneously, like the prick of a red-hot needle driven deep into the flesh, at the same time the insect exerts every muscle of its body by buzzing with its wings as it buries the instrument to its greatest depth. The blood starts from the wound immediately, and continues to flow for considerable time; this is an attraction to other flies in great numbers, many of which would lay their eggs upon the wound.

The rains last till September, and are followed by a still worse season, when the burning sun turns the moisture of the soil into steaming exhalations fruitful of disease.

Crossing the Atbara into the fork it makes with the Settite, Sir Samuel fixed his camp on high ground between the rivers, there to await the season that would enable him to resume his explorations. So experienced a traveller would naturally be well provided for a sojourn in this unpeopled region. Ammunition, carpenters' and other tools, weapons, and simple conveniences for the comfort of life in camp, were not wanting. Besides hunters, he had a dragoman, an Arab boy named Bacheet, and a dusky female called Barraké, all of whom performed the double functions of ministering to his needs in camp and field, and figuring as low comedians in the narrative, in which latter duty they appear with good effect. This region, being debatable territory between Egypt and Abyssinia, is an absolute wilderness, and the hunter must have enjoyed here in full perfection that free, active, exhilarating life, independent of all but his own energy and skill, the wild charm of which none who have not experienced it can know. But there was a drop in his cup far sweeter than that generally vouchsafed to travellers in distant

and desolate regions, who, stretched by their camp fire after the day's hunt, amidst their savage followers, yearn for civilized companionship, and, wearied of the undeveloped forms of human life around them, cast such wistful mental glances towards houses tenanted by certain Houris, or Graces, or whatever tender name their fancy, heightened by contrast, confers, that did they possess the famous carpet of the Arabian tale, a moment would see them transferred to the scenes they so pine for. No such unsatisfied longings distracted Sir Samuel, who throughout his journeys was, as all the world knows, accompanied, with a courage which no hardship or peril could diminish, by Lady Baker. She shared his desert journeys on camel-back, sometimes while suffering from fever; she crossed the Atbara on a raft made of a sponge bath, and towed, amidst crocodiles and hippopotami, by swimming Arabs, like Amphitrite surrounded by her Tritons and sea-horses. She mended his clothes, made his gaiters, and kept his tent in his absence — and once, when his horses returned at night without him, went forth into the wilderness to search for him, and fired the shot that guided him towards home. Established amidst these domestic comforts, Sir Samuel traversed his picturesque domain with rod and gun. The hippopotami abounded in the river close by, lying with their huge heads beneath the cascades, rearing their dark bulks from the water, or emerging from the stream on their way to the neighbouring jungle. Many of these sunk to his rifle, lying dead at the bottom of the river, till approaching decomposition in an hour or two caused them to float; so it was with crocodiles, shot as they lay extended, open-mouthed, in hideous sleep, on the flats or banks, or rose to the surface of the stream. In prairies beyond the river giraffes warily grazed; troops of elephants, and rhinoceroses, singly or in pairs, traversed the park-like glades, or broke through the brushwood; and crowds of dog-faced baboons watched curiously what went on in the camp. Standing at the junction of a lesser stream with the Atbara, and armed with rod and tackle of tremendous strength, Sir Samuel, using a fish of a pound or so for a bait, played and landed some veritable monsters of the deep, which, moreover, proved excellent food. And whenever these ponderous additions to the game-bag or the creel arrived in camp, the hungry inhabitants of Sofi, swimming over the river, would bear off the superfluous furnishing of the larder, whether hippopotamus,

elephant, giraffe, crocodile, or fish. The hunter tells us—and it is a thing to be proud of—that none of this huge and teeming animal life was sacrificed to waste. Either in his own camp, or in Sofi, the demand was always equal to the supply obtained by his sport. Moreover, his account of the destruction of the great denizens of the forest and the flood is comparatively unstained by those unnecessary and revolting details of blood and wounds and agony that caused the pages of Mr. Gordon Cumming's narrative to reek like a shambles. Except in so far as an elephant's death is more striking to the imagination than that of an ox, an antelope's than that of a sheep, these details add no more to the interest of the sportsman's narrative than extracts from the diary of a slaughterman. In an ordinarily humane breast, none but feelings of pain and repugnance can be roused by the recital of sufferings which ought so largely to abate the pleasures and the triumphs of the hunter. And Sir Samuel would have done well to omit the record of what he calls "a most interesting fact"—the discovery, in an unfortunate elephant, of a bullet of his own, the wound inflicted by which had been hideously torturing the animal for forty-three days.

On the banks of the Atbara he met a band of the extraordinary race of hunters that partly gave a title to the book—the aggaeers of the Hamran tribe. Armed only with a straight sharp sword, these redoubtable foes of the forest kings do not hesitate to attack, generally on horseback, but sometimes on foot, the elephant, rhinoceros, or lion. A party of three or four hunt in concert, and after a fashion that shows absolute reliance on each other's skill and intrepidity. Meeting an elephant, one of them provokes a charge by coming close in front of the animal, and then rides off so as to keep a distance of only a few feet between them; his comrades follow close, and, on reaching the great beast as he lumbers along, the nearest springs from his horse and with a powerful sword-cut divides the sinew of the hind leg, whereupon the foot "turns up in front like an old shoe," and the victim is rendered helpless. The rhinoceros is treated in the same way; in the case of a lion there is a little variety, as, when he turns upon one hunter, another, riding alongside, slashes him nearly in two through the back. Should he take refuge in a bush, the party surround it, and ride in from all sides, and when he springs on one the next sabres him.

Turning back from the Settite at the

point where it breaks through the rocky wall of Abyssinia, he passed across the spurs of the mountain to the Rahad, a great tributary of the Blue Nile, and thence down the streams to Khartoum. These are the wanderings he now chronicles, forming an episode in the greater enterprise which, from Khartoum, led him up the White Nile to the vast reservoirs of the mighty stream that has so long been the despair of geography, and the true riddle of the Sphinx.

From The Saturday Review.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE.*

THE author of this volume is a member of the Oneida community, concerning which all necessary information will be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's recent work on *New America*. It is sufficient to say that the members share all their goods in common, and that they have a special dislike to the institution of matrimony. The brothers and sisters pair off according to the expressed wishes of the Society, in council assembled, and exchanges of partners take place as often as they are deemed necessary for the welfare of those concerned. The community struggled for some time against adverse fortune, and must have been almost on its last legs when a saviour joined it in the person of Mr. Newhouse. A backwoodsman and a trapper by training, and a rude machinist by necessity, the idea flashed on Mr. Newhouse that the one thing wanted for America was a trap, simple in principle, and capable of being produced in any gradations of size, from the dainty pocket decoy that should clasp the little musk-rat up to the weighty machine that should hold fast the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains himself. We should have thought, regard being had to the importance and long-standing of the North American fur trade, that all the implements necessary for its successful prosecution had been long ago brought to perfection; and we see nothing novel in the principle of Mr. Newhouse's traps, nor can we discover any special merit in his method of constructing them. But at any rate the experiment succeeded. Orders came in from all parts of the States. Money flowed in to the coffers of the hitherto im-

* *The Trapper's Guide: a Manual of Instruction for Capturing all Kinds of Fur-bearing Animals, &c.* By S. Newhouse. Published by the Oneida Community. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

poverished community. In the last eight years nearly a million traps have been made at the Oneida works. Three hundred thousand pounds of American iron and steel have been used annually. Quite recently a new establishment has been erected in which, owing to advantages of water-power, the production will be doubled. The struggling brethren have become rich and influential. The religion of pantagamy has been saved by a rat-trap. It is natural that Mr. Newhouse should feel a good deal of exultation at the success of his invention, but we think his joy carries him beyond bounds. His traps will not catch everything, any more than Professor Holloway's pills and ointment will cure everything. For animals of all sizes, from a squirrel to wolf, they may be useful; but we feel a little sceptical about the grizzly bear despite the formidable appearance of the "great bear-tamer" among the illustrations. And when Mr. Newhouse offers his trap to the world as an infallible means of capturing lions, tigers, and boa-constrictors, we must shake our heads, and altogether decline to be persuaded. In the first place, lions and tigers do not abound in sufficient numbers to make the pursuit of them remunerative to a trader. Then, considering that either a lion or tiger can carry off a buffalo or an ox with the greatest ease, the weight of the trap and chain must be so great that the unhappy huntsman who had to convey it into the wilderness would most likely faint by the way. And lastly, every genuine sportsman would disdain to rely on anything but his rifle in the chase of these noble animals. The skins will be all the more valued at home for having three or four bullet holes in them, to each of which a history may be attached; and an English hunter would as soon shoot poisoned arrows at a lion as try to catch him by the leg in a steel trap. The case with the fur-bearing animals is totally different. They are hunted for commercial purposes; and the primary object is to secure them without doing injury to the fur. Many are so small as scarcely to offer a mark for a bullet, and in those cases, if a gun is used, it must be loaded with shot. The damage done by shot to the skin is irreparable. It is not so much that one or two shot may make a hole right through the body, but for one that passes through, three or four will strike obliquely, or just graze the animal, and each of these cuts a little furrow in the fur. These have to be filled up by the insertion of new pieces, and the value of the skins is so deteriorated that the first question asked by the furrier of the hunter is, "Are your furs shot, or trapped?" and on the hunter's answer

depends whether they will fetch a good price, or be rejected as worthless. The use of poison is also fatal to the fur, which loses all its gloss, and withers away. In Russia the gun is still extensively used in preference to the trap, and consequently the furs fetch a very diminished price. The most valuable fur-bearing animals — the Siberian sable, for instance, and the silver fox — have their *habitat* in Russia; but very few of their skins ever find their way into another country. Mr. Newhouse estimates the annual supply of silver foxes at two thousand skins only; and the few that come to London fetch more than forty pounds each. Squirrels are more plentifully obtained than any other fur-bearing animals, and almost exclusively from Russia. The annual supply is estimated at seven million skins. North America depends now mainly on the musk-rat and the raccoon, for many of the superior fur-bearing animals have become exceedingly scarce; and the beaver, which once swarmed in the regions round the Great Lakes, is now rarely found east of the Rocky Mountains. South America is the home of the coypu rat, of which three million skins are annually exported, and of the chinchilla, which is comparatively scarce. Different peoples like different sorts of furs. "Raccoon fur is the great staple for Russia; red fox for Turkey and the Oriental countries; skunk for Poland and the adjacent provinces; musk-rat for Germany, France, and England." Americans themselves use for the most part the mink, the possum, the cat, wolf, and marten.

In giving directions for the use of his traps, Mr. Newhouse speaks with the authority of a practised backwoodsman. The members of the Oneida community do not confine themselves to the manufacturing department only. They also go forth into the wilderness in the fur season, and return with a goodly load for the market. As it is considered by the council of the Society highly salutary that the young women should be allotted as partners to the elders, and that the old ladies should be administered as correctives to the young men, it is not surprising that the latter are very anxious, when the trapping season comes round, to obtain six months' leave of absence. The expedition is by no means unattended with discomfort, for it must always be undertaken in the winter months. In summer the fur-bearing animals change their coats, and their skins are utterly worthless. It is not till the beginning of November that the new fur is glossy, thick, and of a rich colour; and some animals, such as the beaver and the musk-rat, are not in perfection till the middle of winter. A trap-

per must therefore be able to withstand the severe cold; he must be an expert woodman, for he will have to build his own hut, and to fell trees every evening for his fire — and the forest fire must be of pretty considerable size, or the traveller will be frozen to death; he must be able to cook his own dinner, and to catch the materials for it too; he must understand the stretching and curing of skins; he must be a first-rate pedestrian, and able to travel under a heavy load. Mr. Newhouse furnished us with two specimen lists of a trapper's outfit, one of which he is pleased to call luxurious, the other more suited to a hardy and experienced backwoodsman. We begin with the goods which a man of many wants must carry on his back: — A change of clothing, which should be woollen or flannel. A flannel bag to sleep in. A cotton tent, weighing two pounds and a half; a double-barrelled gun (rifle and shot), with ammunition, and fishing-tackle; an axe; and plenty of tacks and nails. For cooking, he must carry "a frying-pan, a camp-kettle, a hunting-knife, some knives and forks, spoons of two sizes, a few tin-pressed plates and basins, and a drinking cup. Above all, he must not forget to take a good supply of matches and a pocket compass." The weight of these articles is estimated at twenty-five pounds. Then there are provisions to be thought of, and the traps. Five pounds' weight of the former, and twenty of the latter, are set down as a proper quantum, making the weight of the whole burden fifty pounds. With less than that it is said that no one should attempt to undertake trapping on foot. The provisions will of course be such as the trapper's gun and fishing lines cannot procure for him, such as sugar, tea, salt, Indian meal, white beans, &c. The old hand dispenses with many of these articles. Mr. Hutchings, who has trapped for half a century, takes a double-barrel gun, a hatchet, two knives, a camp-kettle, a frying-pan, a pint cup, and a spoon. He never takes an overcoat, and contents himself with a single blanket. His line of trapping extends from twenty to forty miles, and, consequently, there is no lack of walking exercise if the traps are diligently inspected. Venison is the staple food of the trapper, and fish if he likes it; but an industrious hunter will find plenty of squirrels, ducks, partridges, quails, pigeons, prairie fowls, &c. The favourite method of forest cookery is as follows. Take a trout of three or four pounds, cut a hole at the neck and abstract the intestines. Wash the inside clean, season with pepper and salt, or fill it with a stuffing of bread crumbs. Rake open the embers of the fire, put in the fish,

and cover it over with the hot ashes. Within an hour take it from its bed, peel off the skin, and devour the trout with all his juices preserved. Game is treated in the same way, except that the bird is cooked in its feathers, which have been previously soaked in cold water. When the cooking is finished, the burnt feathers and skin are peeled off, and the bird within remains tender and succulent. In regard to drink, Mr. Newhouse and all his friends are strenuous enemies to spirits.

I am undecided, to this day [says a member of the Oneida Community, who takes part in these expeditions], which of these two characteristic institutions of the North woods is the worst, the whiskey or the mosquitoes. The rule is, I believe, that any one who can drink the whiskey can endure the mosquitoes; and, *vice versa*, any one who can endure the mosquitoes can drink the whiskey.

Another old hunter says: —

Those who wish to be comfortable [against insects] had better leave rum alone. I am satisfied that mosquitoes and gnats rarely trouble anyone whose blood is not in a feverish and unhealthy state. . . . I have fished from a canoe at nightfall, when these insects arose like clouds, apparently from the water, without material discomfort, while my companion suffered agonies. I told him (as a joke) it was because I was a Radical and he a Copperhead.

It must certainly require great determination to resist a glass of hot grog when the thermometer is within a few degrees of zero; but if abstinence has any effect in warding off the attacks of mosquitoes, few would hesitate to deny themselves. It is a curious thing, as Mr. Lord has remarked in his travels in British Columbia, that mosquitoes are worse in cold climates than in hot. When the whole face of the earth is frozen, and scarcely a bird or a beast ventures to show itself, these wretched insects are more greedy for blood than ever. The North American hunter endeavours to shield himself from their attacks as best he can by huge wood fires; but, after all, he is generally obliged to grin and bear them. Mosquitoes get tired of old hunters, and novices anoint themselves with lard scented with essence of pennyroyal, to the odour of which the insect has a strong objection.

The average success to be obtained in these expeditions may be estimated from the returns of Mr. Holland and Mr. Gunter, two companions who farm in the summer and trap in the winter. In 1863 they caught

ninety-eight minks, fifty-two martens, fourteen fishers, ten otters, fifty-three beavers, five wolves, thirteen raccoons, seven foxes, and two hundred and eighty musk-rats. In 1864 they had eighty-nine minks, forty-seven martens, nine fishers, nine otters, ten foxes, six raccoons, two hundred and forty musk-rats, five wolves, and sixty-two beavers, besides an abundance of deer each winter for their own supply. Those who devote themselves exclusively to musk-rats may probably make a much larger bag; but then their skins are very much inferior in value to those of the beaver, the mink, the fisher, and other animals. In six weeks a party from the Community succeeded in catching seven hundred musk-rats, but they had little else for the furrier. It is of course needless to say that a knowledge of the habits of the animals for which he is in search is an all-important branch of the trapper's art, for thereby the creature may often be made to assist in his own destruction. Thus all the aquatic fur-bearing animals make for deep water directly they find themselves in danger. In order to drown his captive, the trapper makes use of a contrivance called the sliding pole. A pole is cut from ten to twelve feet in length, with branches on the small end sufficient to prevent the ring of the chain from falling off. The ring is slipped on the large end, and the small end is inclined over the deepest part of the stream. When the animal is caught in the trap, which hangs by a short chain attached to the ring, he plunges to the bottom; the ring runs down the pole to the small end, where it is held fast at the bottom of the stream, and the captive, being unable to rise again, is speedily drowned. Beavers in particular are caught in this way. The land animals, again, if left in a trap on the ground, will either bite off their own legs to get free, or will be devoured by some other animal. The trapper uses a springpole for these, so arranged that when the fisher or marten is caught in the trap it struggles to dislodge the pole from its fastening, and, springing up with a bound, the trap is carried high into the air, and the animal hangs so that it cannot escape by self-amputation, or become the prey of anything else. In the case of the otter, its love of frolicking brings it to ruin. Otters, like children, have a peculiar taste for sliding down wet and muddy banks. These slides are found all along the streams that they inhabit: —

The otters are frequently seen wandering in troops of four or six up or down a stream, and travelling for miles over hills and through swamps, from one stream or lake to the nearest point of another. In their rambles they make it a point to have a game of antics at every slide on their route.

Availing himself of this propensity of the animal, the trapper places his trap at the top entrance of these slides, and when the unfortunate victim returns for his gambols, he finds them of a sudden cut short in the most unpleasant manner. Mr. Newhouse and his friends have intelligently observed and agreeably described all the incidents of life in the woods, and their book being thoroughly practical, and not theoretical, we can confidently recommend it.

From *The Spectator*, Jan. 4.

ON December 14th there was a sudden outburst of volcanic fires in Nicaragua, about ten miles from Leon, near the foot of an extinct volcano called Rota. The first eruption sounded like the booming of heavy artillery to the people of Leon. At night two large volcanic fires in a circle of several smaller ones lit up the whole country, and even illuminated the towers of the cathedral of Leon — ten miles off. The effect of these huge and lurid lamps, with all their associations of terror, must have been curiously Dantesque.

NAPOLEON received Baron von Goltz, Ambassador from the Confederation of North Germany, in words somewhat formally arranged. He thanked the Ambassador for assuring him of the friendship of the King of Prussia, and believed he would continue his "efforts" to maintain a friendly understanding between the two countries. It will be observed that the Emperor says no word of amity to the Confederation, but only to its President in his capacity of King of Prussia. In Paris the speech is considered very "constrained."